

January 17, 1962

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The Sara quads (opposite page) are full of smiles—and with even more good reason than having school holidays. They all passed their yearly exams.

MARK SARA (at right in the picture) is grinning as happily as the others, despite two grazed knees.

"None of them did particularly well," said their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara. "But there's going to be a new order this year. We're turning the television off almost entirely during the week and setting strict homework periods."

"It's better if they learn to work now while there's plenty of time."

IT'S not every day that a photographer gets a Christmas card from a hotel.

Staff photographer Ron Berg, who covered the Queen's tour of India and Persia in March-April, 1961, was pleasantly surprised when he got his—a card reproducing a Persian painting—from the management of the Hotel Sina, Teheran, Iran.

Our cover

● The glamorous beach girl is Marie Roberts. In private life she is Mrs. John Collins, the mother of two small children, Michael, 4, and Caroline, 3. The picture was taken by Sydney photographer Clive Thompson.

It recalled for Ron the modern nine-storeyed hotel on which he converged with 32 fellow photographers from all over the world.

"One of our biggest surprises," said Ron, "was entering a lounge and hearing the voice of Perry Mason. It was the elegant Television Lounge and Perry was winning another case via a channel operated by the U.S. Air Force base in Iran."

"Despite the language barriers, the U.S. channel had more fans among local inhabitants than the Government channel."

The Saras take to water-skis



SARA QUADS, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., from left, Alison, Phillip, Judy, Mark. They will have their 12th birthday this year. These pictures are by staff photographer Ron Berg.



First, Alison squats



... Then she stands



... Then she tumbles



... And comes up laughing.

THE sun-loving Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., have added another sport to their repertoire—they've taken up water-skiing.

Their father, Percy Sara, has been a water-skiing enthusiast for several months, and during the school holidays he took the family to Cliftonville picnic ground, a lovely spot on the Hawkesbury past Windsor, 52 miles from Sydney.

When they arrived, the quads met Mr. M. A. Partridge, who is in charge of the picnic grounds—known to everyone as "Pop"—and Mr. Norm Davidson, who drove the motor-boat.

Judy's swimsuit is blue-and-white-striped, with a skirt; Alison wears a dark blue racing costume; and the boys have brief tights (Mark's are black and Phillip's dark green).

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But in the water, in their vivid life-jackets, they all looked "yellow tops."

Alison had first turn at skiing. Pop helped her on to the children's ski, which has a double platform to give more balance to the skier.

Norm Davidson started the boat and away she went. Alison squatted carefully, then tentatively stood up. She was successful at first, but the boat turned round and Alison disappeared dramatically into the water.

Her father, watching anxiously from the boat, started to dive in after her, but stopped when he saw Alison swimming calmly toward them.

Mark was next. He, too, stood up proudly, then tumbled off when the boat turned round—no damage done.

Judy was less successful. She squatted in the approved manner, but fell off when she tried to stand.

Phillip decided to play it safe. He stayed in the squatting position and finished triumphantly, still on the ski.

Despite their wettings, the quads agreed enthusiastically that water-skiing was "mighty."

Mark, Phillip, Alison, and Judy adore the water. They spend a lot of their holidays at the beach or in the local pool and will start swimming lessons again this month.

They've all got their 10-yard certificate. Mark and Alison can swim 50 yards, but Judy and Phillip need a bit more practice.

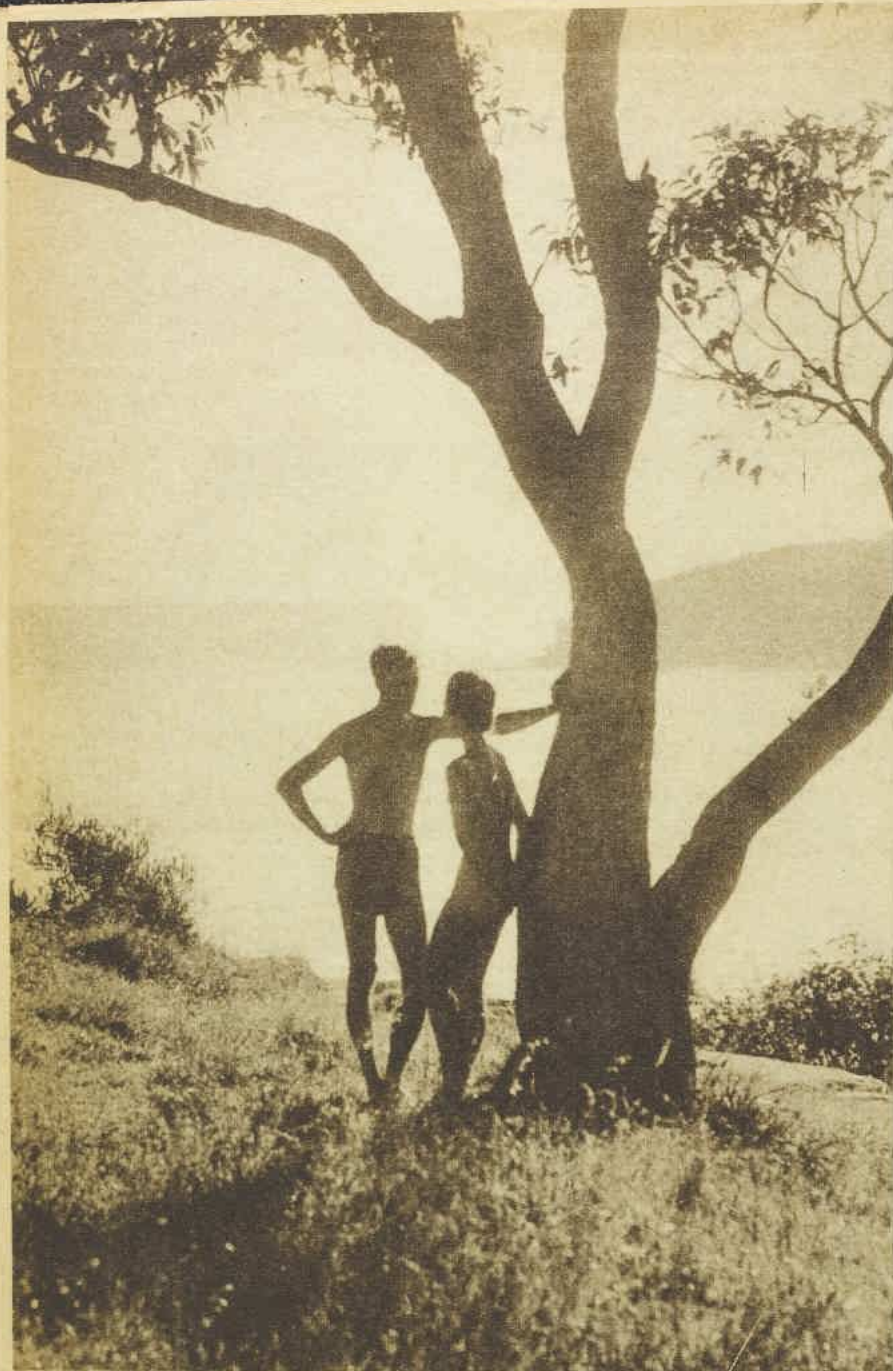
Swimming and skiing aren't the quads' only sporting achievements.

The girls are continuing tennis lessons at school, and during summer Mark and Phillip substitute cricket for soccer. In Mark's opinion it's a poor substitute.

—PENNY FORD.

Aspects of

● **LOVE.** *What is it? With this charming series of pictures staff photographer Don Cameron captures the image of love in some of its forms.*



Young dream

*There's nothing half so
sweet in life
As Love's young dream . . .*
—THOMAS MOORE.

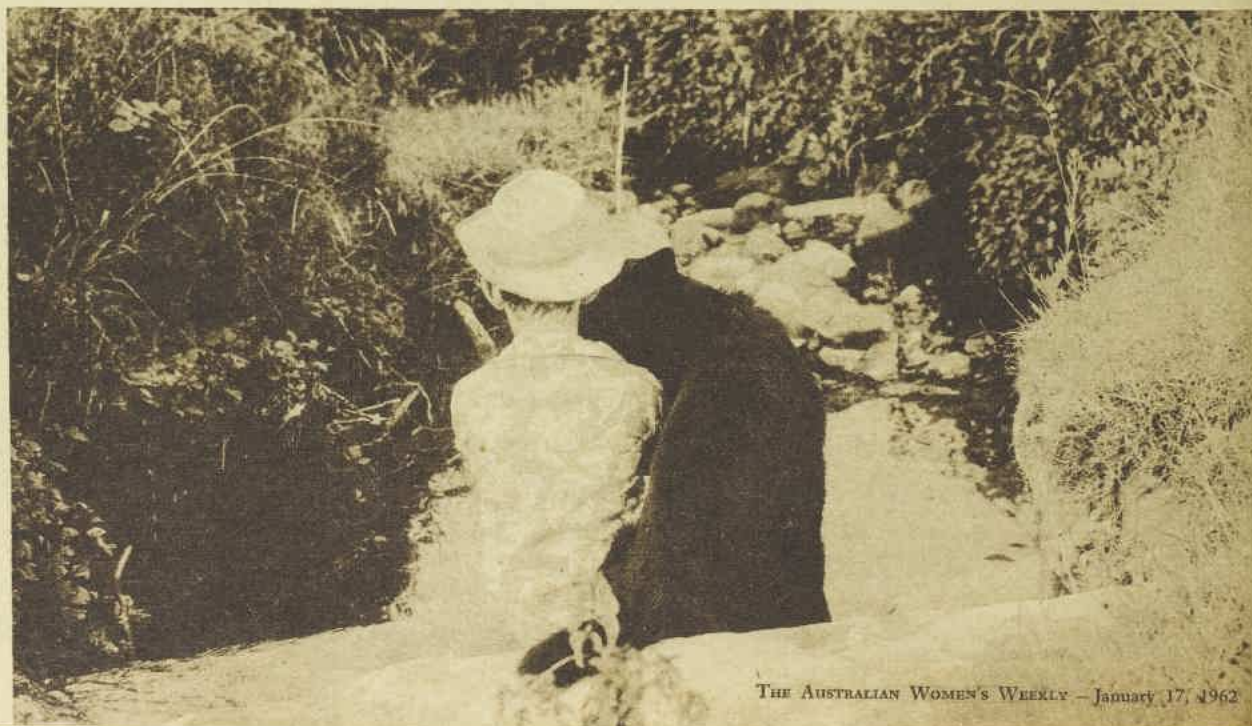


Hand-clasp

*For there is no friend like a
sister,
In calm or stormy weather . . .*
—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Boy's dog

*In life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome,
foremost to defend . . .*
—BYRON.



Love



Motherhood

Youth fades; love droops;
the leaves of friendship fall:
A mother's secret love outlives them
all . . .

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Old folk

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

—ROBERT BURNS.



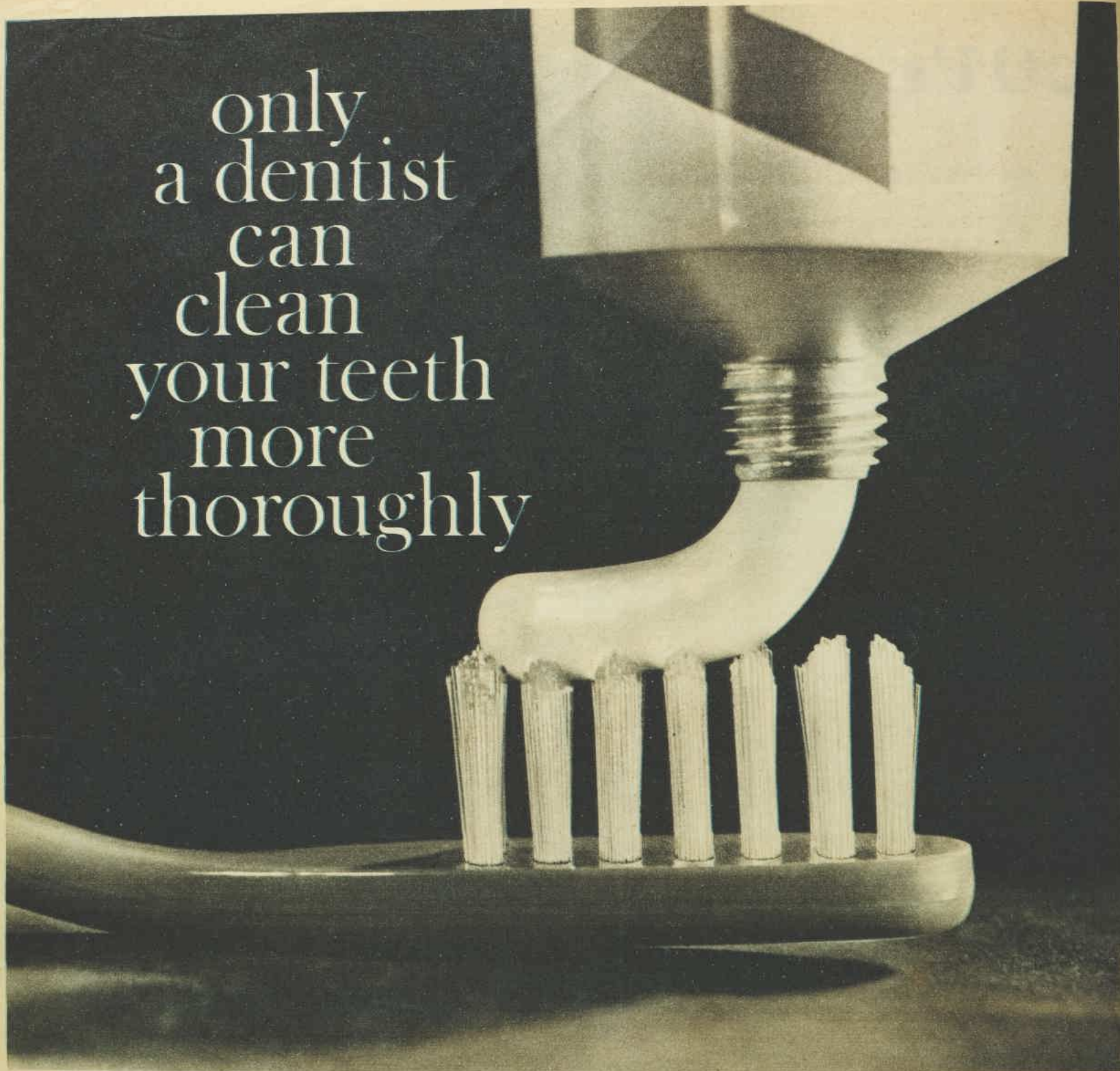
Reverie

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

—WILLIAM BLAKE.



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a dentist
can
clean
your teeth
more
thoroughly



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Kolynos cleans, cleans, cleans . . . best of all

Page 6

*P.S. Smokers will notice the brighter difference
Kolynos makes to their teeth.*

KY352

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 17, 1962

The oh-Aunty-look girl

By BARBARA LAWSON, staff reporter

● British comedienne Winifred Shotter, stage and films ingenue of the 'thirties, is the envy of all the women she has met during her holiday in Australia because she's still so pretty and amazingly youthful.

MISS SHOTTER, who still appears on stage and TV in England, is seeing Australia by car with her husband, Gilbert Davis, an actor and well-known art-collector.

Explaining how he and his wife appeared in Queensland as if out of nowhere, Gilbert said: "Whenever I get the urge to travel, which is every twelve months or so, I simply bundle nine suitcases into the back of the Mercedes, tell my wife how many she can bring, and off we go."

His wife laughed and pointed to the mountain of suitcases, nine brown and five pale blue, which almost reached the ceiling of their Brisbane motel suite.

They were busy packing for the next stage of their holiday—a slow motor trip to Canberra, the Snowy Mountains, Sydney, and finally Melbourne.

In the 1920s and 1930s Tom

Walls, Ralph Lynn, Mary Brough, Robertson Hare, and Winifred formed the nucleus cast of the Ben Travers' Aldwych Theatre farces.

The plays ran for at least a year apiece and later were made into movies by Herbert Wilcox, the husband of film actress Anna Neagle.

Winifred is still slim, pretty, and petite (5ft. 2½in.), with laughing hazel eyes.

"I can only laugh when I think of myself in those days," said Winifred.

"The acting was what we'd now call slapstick, but it was the Method of its day.

"I think the best way to sum it up would be to say that the acting then was perfectly natural—in unnatural circumstances."

Her husband interrupted:

"Winifred always calls herself the oh-Aunty-look girl, because she invariably arrived on the stage in great drama, crying 'Oh, Aunty!—Look!'"

"That's quite true," sighed Winifred, remembering.

"You know, we never found anything very funny about our parts then, though sometimes when we first read them we were a little amused.

"When I looked at my movies, such as 'Rookery Nook,' a few years after they were made, I was more than amused. But now, when I see them, I'm horrified!"

Winifred has never been able to tear herself completely away from the theatre, and



GILBERT DAVIS, an actor and art-collector, and his wife, Winifred Shotter, pictured in Brisbane during their car trip through eastern Australia. They plan to return to England at the end of this month.

still appears on stage and in British TV.

Her husband is an actor, too.

Before coming to Australia he played Sir Laurence Olivier's brother in the film "The Entertainer."

"I'm the inevitable 'old man' in films," Gilbert told me. "I acted old men even when I was young. Now I just go in and be myself.

"When I'm not an old man I'm a foreigner—and have become quite an expert on accents."

Later I learned that he can not only play an Italian, American, cockney, or what-have-you at the drop of a hat but has studied accents and has theories on how and why they came to be.

"My theory, and it is held by many, is that the accent depends greatly on climate.

"It annoys me when people say the Australian accent sounds cockney. You have an accent all of your own, which," he laughed, "I can't quite work out. But I intend to before I leave."

Winifred said that until recently their London flat con-

tained part of her husband's collection of early-English drawings and watercolors.

"With people coming from all over the world to see Gilbert's collection, our home might have been an art gallery," she said.

"The Huntington Museum in California acquired the collection in 1960."

Gilbert Davis said: "I've kept about six Constables, a Gainsborough, and several other drawings belonging to the English and Scottish schools. And I'm collecting all the time."

When the Davises are not seeing the world or "hopping across to the Continent," they like to retire to their cottage at Buckinghamshire, which is next door to "Chequers," the country estate of the British Prime Minister.

"All the vegetables for our London flat are grown there," said Winifred.

"Gilbert's likely to sit up all night with a troublesome melon. And he's had wonderful luck with avocado pears.

"He tries to grow everything no one else in England can," she added, smiling affectionately at her husband.

...and another vintage star

● Sipping champagne in a theatre dressing-room at 2.30 p.m. AFTER you've lunched may be a trifle haywire, but it seems normal enough when your host is "Hutch," the man with the whispering voice which, over the years, has sung its way into musical memories.

THE legendary Hutch (officially Leslie A. Hutchinson) is a 14st. 7lb. charmer who thoroughly enjoys his champagne and finds life just as bubbling.

Hutch, a West Indian from Grenada, is appearing with the Tivoli Circuit in Melbourne and Sydney, bringing both to his oldest admirers and to a new generation a personal presentation of the songs he has sung and played for hundreds of recordings.

His 200-to-300-song repertoire includes his signature tune "Begin the Beguine," "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," and "These Foolish Things."

In his lengthy career Hutch has starred in New York,

played in the world's top cabarets, and lost count of the number of times he has performed for members of the Royal family, from King George V onwards.

Mad on racing and cricket, he's taken every opportunity to watch both sports since he has been in Melbourne.

As a boy he had great ambitions of making his name as a cricketer and played opening bat for his grammar school in Grenada.

But he had to sacrifice cricket when studying for a Government scholarship to Cambridge, which he hoped would help him become a doctor or lawyer.

He won the scholarship, but never used it, for by then his love of music had taken control.

Though Hutch had been taught the piano as a child,

his singing "just came naturally."

His early piano-playing was purely classical, but he learnt the feel of other music when he went to New York, with an allowance from his father, and played a pianola for hours on end, day after day, with his hands following the notes on the keyboard.

For months and months he got nowhere, and his father cut off his allowance.

"That's when I starved. I was so hungry I couldn't even get warm in bed," said Hutch with a reminiscent shiver.

But perseverance paid off and he made the grade with a performance at a Vanderbilt party.

"Soon after, I went to Paris on sheer chance, met Cole Porter, and started five of the greatest years of my life.

"I played double piano with Cole and he taught me how to sing his songs as he wanted them sung—songs such as "Let's Do It, Let's Fall in Love," including some couplets you'll never hear me sing on stage," the big man said with a chuckle.

From there on it's been fame and fortune all along the line for Hutch.

After hearing him in Paris nightclubs the late Lady Mountbatten, with Lady Gibbons, invited him to London, where he made his first appearance playing and singing at Carlton House.

From this it was a swift move to a C. B. Cochran revue, with Hutch featured as "The Pianist in the Pit."

Then came three more Cochran revues, Noel Coward demanding him for "This Year of Grace," private entertain-



"HUTCH" (Leslie A. Hutchinson), whose whispering voice has been a favorite for many years, is on a personal-appearance visit to Australia.

ing at ducal homes, top billing on his first appearance at the Palladium, feature spots at all London's top nightclubs.

The Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) wanted to know "who is this fellow everyone keeps raving about." Today Hutch says he's still a fan.

Only a few weeks before Hutch came to Australia the Duke made a point of hearing him play and sing once more, and, after the show, recalled with him the gay times he and his brother (the late

Duke of Kent) had together in London.

Since those early gay-blade days there have been many more "Royals" in Hutch's life.

The Queen commanded his appearance when she took over Quaglino's for the 150-strong party she gave for the British equestrian team after its Olympic victory, and the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and Princess Marina have asked for him to play and sing many times.

—Freda Irving

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LET'S TAKE A STROLL ON THE HARBOR

● A 40-year-old Englishman with an enthusiastic nature is out here to sell Australians the idea of walking on water.

HE is Mark Braham, and he hopes to have special shoes—or aquaskates—ready for Australian customers by next Christmas.

Despite his clipped accent and a fondness for dark suits and tightly rolled umbrellas, Mr. Braham is himself at least part-Australian by now.

He came here first in 1949, and stayed 11 years. In that time he built up a hosiery business in Kings Cross, Sydney, and even found time to begin an Arts degree course at Sydney University.

In 1960 he packed up his family—wife and four children—and set off for England.

Why did he turn back? "Mostly for my wife's sake, I suppose," he admits. "All her family are in England and she wanted to see them again. So we decided we'd give England a two-year trial."

Then came the agency for the walking-on-water shoes, and a chance for Mr. Braham to come back to Australia and test the local market.

What will the aquaskates do?

"We haven't explored all the possibilities properly yet," he said, "but for a start there's flood rescue, dockyard work, duck-shooting, fishing, and just plain playing around."

Skiing, too

"The boots could be very good for teaching water-skiing. They do away with all the early problems of learning to take off and balance at high speeds."

If the boots have to be imported they will cost Australians up to £25 a pair, but already he is discussing having them manufactured locally. If one Australian plastics firm takes up the idea they could be in the shops next Christmas for around £10, he says.

The boots are very light and are made of inflated plastic. Underneath is a wooden keel for stability, and this is fitted with a row of hinged flaps, which give a grip on the water.

As the aquaskater begins to move his foot forward the flaps close, reducing water resistance.

A pair of water-stocks, also fitted with flaps at the bottom, help the traveller in much the same way as a snow-skier's alpenstocks.

Without the keel the boots can be used for a new kind of water-skiing.

The aquaskates were created by an Englishman named Smith. Mr. Braham can't re-

member his Christian name—he's just "Smithy." And it's hardly true to say they were invented. "Dreamed up" would be more like the real story.

"Smithy" dozed off one stormy night and dreamed he was sailing a yacht down Knightsbridge, a busy London street.

The further he sailed the smaller the yacht became, until all he had left were two tiny dinghies, one on each foot. And in that dark moment of subconscious inspiration the aquaskate was born.

Since then they have been tested on the English Channel, the River Thames, and a Hyde Park (London) pond. Now they are ready for their Australian trials—and the Braham family are getting ready again to settle in Australia.

"I've persuaded my wife. We'll be back at the end of the year," said Mr. Braham.

"After Sydney I find London terribly depressing. All those bleak, drab suburbs, and

the great unwashed look of all the people.

"When you come to Australia you see everyone in the streets looking fresh and clean, as though they really wanted the sun to be shining."

"In England they look as though they've just rolled out of bed."

More important than that, he likes what he calls the "mental freedom" of Australians.

Bomb fears

"In England you're living in a nuclear snakepit," he said.

"There's none of the fear out here that you have in England today. The people there still have vivid memories of the last war. They all know how vulnerable they are."

Mr. Braham has been interested in the ban-the-bomb movement in England. He says the Aldermaston marches and the sit-down strikes in the heart of London are becoming a great worry to the Government.

"The main trouble with the demonstrations," he said, "is that everyone in them—even Bertrand Russell—is branded a crank or a teddy boy."

As a sideline to his regular work, Mr. Braham has taken up television writing. Already he has one play finished—an adaptation of a story he once wrote for a Sydney University magazine.

Student again

"An agent told me I'd have to make certain changes in the mechanics and it would be ready to market. So I'm sitting back hoping," he said.

For Australian television, he and a friend are writing a play that deals with the difficulties of university life.

When the family returns to Australia Mr. Braham hopes he will be able to take up his university studies again.

For a 40-year-old he has an unusual view of youth.

"I think young people, and especially students, are the only ones with any true sense of responsibility," he said.

"It's no use trying to talk to people of my generation. They're far too concerned with how important and successful they are to bother with any of the real problems of today."

"The plain fact is that young people know much

more about the world than their parents do."

"They're the ones who know that H-bombs and apartheid are more important than taxation and the size of a house."

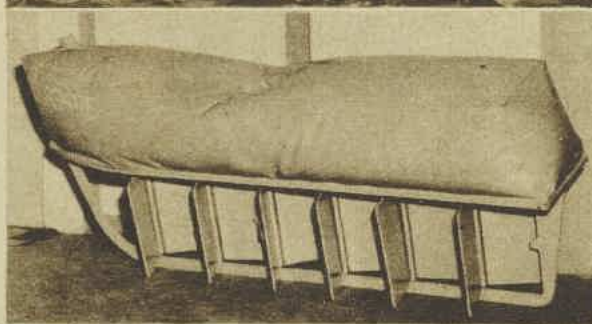
"Peter Ustinov summed up the whole problem when he said: 'The really dangerous age is the middle age. That's when people are too far from the two great realities, birth and death.'"

Mark Braham packed to-

bacco into the bowl of his pipe and lit it carefully. The blue smoke drifted up, hazing the doorway and breaking down the glare from the Kings Cross pavement beyond.

He watched it thoughtfully. "You know, half the trouble is that many of my generation only really lived in the years between 1939 and 1945."

"If there was just some way we could all pull together as we did then, perhaps the world wouldn't be in quite such a mess."



ABOVE: Mark Braham trudges across Double Bay, Sydney, on his aquaskates. LEFT: Each boot has a detachable wooden keel with hinged flaps to grip the water.

Next week's special features

● How one girl lost 48lb.

Hers, the double-dinner diet, is a novel one, but it worked. Its principles are sound, and it can be adapted to suit the tastes and needs of any would-be slimmer.

● Two mothers' stories

"I'm Glad I Kept My Daughter" and "Timmy, Our Part-time Son."

● Fashion

Special summer offer: Four beautifully cut budget-priced dresses to buy ready made or cut out ready to sew—in easy-care fabrics and superb color range.

● "Kingsdene"

In color: Exciting new housing estate and exhibition of homes.

● How to buy at auction

Learn how to pick and bid for bargains.

● Cookery

Jam-making: Valuable hints for success in making jam, with recipes using unusual combinations of fruit, such as peach and passionfruit, banana and apple, rockmelon and passionfruit.

Cookery Course: Last of a valuable series of hints to complete the home cook's scrapbook.

On the local scene this year the talk is of three attractive new silhouettes which leave the forehead bare.

Headlines

● Here are some of the most feminine and "different" hairdos seen in a long, long time—and not one depends on a puffed-up shape or "look." The news in these 1962 hair fashions is in clear-browed, away-from-the-face effects, with hair dipped and turned toward the back of the head (these are becoming to most women), and in close helmet-like headlines with wisps and curls here and there to add softness and charm the eye. —Carolyn Earle



NEW FOR NOW is the Conical look (above), an elegant off-the-face style that's lifted at the crown and features a pattern of wide, soft waves flowing up across the back of the head. There's no back-combing in this attractive style—it's all brush and swirl and backward movement. This is the classic way to wear the Conical hairdo, but in between, for a change of style, just brush it into place and spray lightly with hair spray. (Sydney hairstylist John Taylor created this and the other two new silhouettes on this page.)



BACK VIEW of the Conical hairstyle of 1962 shows the softened shape and cling of waves at the back of the head.



BACK of Petit Pompadour style is arranged to resemble a French twist with short hair ends overlapped at the centre back.

PETIT POMPADOUR (left), a smooth hair fashion with simple lines and loads of sophistication. It rises to gentle heights at the crown, keeps a close-around-the-face look, and shows the forehead. Hair still curves on the cheek this year, but in a soft way that echoes the pretty, curved shape of the head.



FRAME CUT (left), a new, fast, and fool-proof way of cutting (hair is cut to one even length all round, then "pinked" into whatever shape is most flattering to the face) is the basis of this hairdo. Highlights are a very low side part, an uncluttered brow, and the controlled swing of hair to side and back of the head.



BEFORE picture of model's hair as she wore it prior to "Frame" cutting and styling session.



CUT evenly all round, hair is then razor-cut to reduce bulk, and shampooed thoroughly.



BACK VIEW of finished hairstyle, with excessive curl smoothed out and thickness removed.

for 1962

In Paris, stylists have brought out the Space Cut, short and slightly domed, like a spaceman's helmet.



SPACE CUT with back-tilted jag-curl on cheek. Hair is cut five to six inches on top and at front, two to three inches over ears and at nape. Shaped this way and softly permed, hair can be dressed in domed line.

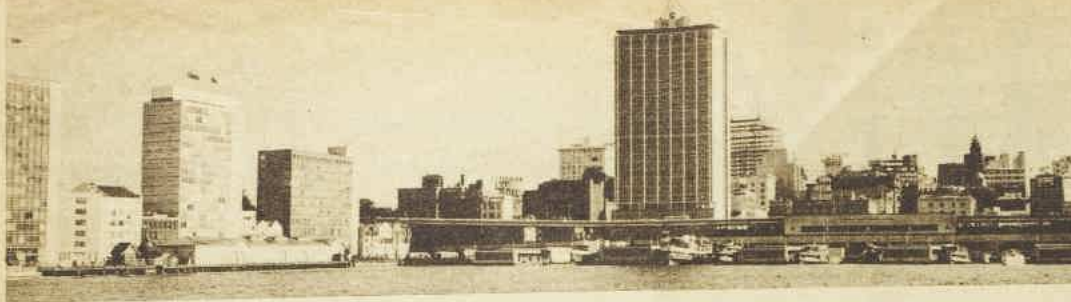


WORN WITH A HAT, wings of hair are curled out over the temples and ears to form an attractive setting for the face. This version of the Space Cut features short side hair and wispy curls on the temples.



SMOOTH VERSION of the helmet-shape has a sleek panel of hair on top and the sides swept from back to front in carefully shaped swirls. Cheek curls and forehead wisps add softness to this topical style.

CLAMOR with a capital C in a short, up-off-the-neck hairdo with gentle buoyancy for jewelled evenings (it's becoming to busy daylight hours, too). There's no suggestion of intricate curl anywhere in this chic French coif.



● The new buildings are no bigger than he'd expected.

"I miss the simple things" —says an Australian who's come home after 14 years

By KEVIN BANNON

● "You can't go home again," the American author Thomas Wolfe once wrote. After more than 14 years' absence from Australia I was very mindful of his warning.

DURING a long, roundabout journey home from Chile by way of Europe and the Far East, I assured myself that I would let nothing surprise me, not the tallest building or the most revolutionary harbor projects or the largest new suburbs. I was prepared, I thought, for anything.

When I landed in Sydney I realised that I had over-conditioned myself.

The modern skyscrapers, the home-building splurge, the overhead railway at Circular Quay, all these things could be part and parcel of any big city growing steadily upwards and outwards in response to the mounting demands of its populace.

I missed the simpler things:

The pie-and-peas vendor who provided sufficient sustenance for the nocturnal gadabouts to journey home from the city after a late Saturday night; the bottle-oh; the endless chant of the clothes-prop man, whose merchandise has been replaced by metal razzle-dazzles.

The milkman who used to make a "bottle trot" with a two-gallon bottle-can and a pint measure is a thing of the past now, and no more can the kids open the taps of the milk tank in his cart and get a mouthful of creamy cold milk free.

There are no more swagmen on suburban routes. They have been driven inland, for there are no vacant allotments left where they can rest.

So today's kids will never sense the quickened heartbeat that accompanied us as we crept to within a few yards of the bearded swaggie and watched him boil his billy over a twig fire and gnaw a crust of bread. And sometimes he would throw his used tea-leaves in our general direc-

tion and we would retreat a few yards, ready for a fast getaway.

Riding a bus out to Bronte, Coogee, or Bondi is not the same as riding an old foot-board tram. If you squandered your last threepence on potato chips or ice-cream you could always scale back to town. But I can't figure out how you could do that on a bus.

Some things are familiar.

It is possible to buy a bag of chips still, only now they sell for a shilling a bag. We used to pay twopence and get a heaping, cone-shaped newspaper container full.

Australians themselves are fundamentally the same.

There is something cozy and warming about that broad, drawing accent that has so puzzled philologists. It is easy to slip into the jargon of the



● But he mourns the milk-cart.

is that dreaded silence while you each grope for something to sustain the conversation.

I have made two or three sentimental journeys since I returned. I was always sorry I had, Wolfe is right. You can't go back. Nothing is static. There are no threads to pick up again, no familiar paths.

One thing I can't understand is Australians calling all migrants New Australians.

One man who migrated

son, Ian, who preceded me to Australia, were running into their own peculiar problems. Just as I could not get used to Chilean-made tea, Lucy was now grappling unequally with Australian-made coffee.

She found a kindred spirit in Nick, the Greek milkbar-keeper around the corner. The sympathetic Nick diagnosed her problem at a glance, and now he and Lucy frequently sip cups of deep black, velvet-smooth coffee.

When Lucy goes shopping she finds clothing much more expensive than in Chile, although the range is wider.

Ian's problems have mainly been linguistic.

After a week in Australia he was hopelessly confused. His conversation ran something like: "No more, gracias . . . Excuse me, por favor . . . Not today. Manana."

On his first trip to town, just before Christmas, I took him to one of the Santalands, and coached him in the names of the items he wanted.

On his way to the throne his courage gave out and he intimated he would tell Santa Claus in Spanish. He sat on Santa's knee while I explained the language difficulty.

Ian, apparently recovering his nerve, launched off in his very best English: "One train . . ." and Father Christmas held up his hand and summarily dismissed me.

"There'll be no need for you to translate," he said confidently. "I understand his Spanish very well."

KEVIN BANNON left Australia at 21 after discharge from the R.A.N. He was a plantation overseer in Panama and Costa Rica, and in 1953, at 28, became editor and part-owner of Chile's "South Pacific Mail," Latin America's oldest English-language paper.

land again, like putting on a comfortable, worn pair of house slippers.

More difficult, however, is participation in the conversation. The themes—most of them—have undergone brusque changes.

People talk about new cars now and new houses and real-estate deals; gear-races, roofing, and land values.

The hardest thing of all is to admit to yourself that you have no friends. A stranger in your own town! You are as embarrassed about meeting old friends as they are about meeting you.

After the first effusive handshake and the assurances that you are each unscarred by the march of time, there

from Hungary right after World War II and is now an Australian citizen referred to himself as a New Australian. When I asked him why, he shrugged: "That's what the Australians call me."

There is a remarkable American influence in Sydney today—in industry, entertainment, taste, development.

During a recent television programme the interviewer stopped more than a score of persons in the street and asked them whether they preferred American or British influence.

Only one young girl replied: "Why does it have to be American or British? Why can't it simply be Australian?"

My Chilean-born wife, Lucy, and my seven-year-old

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

A FAMILY ring with a history will come into the possession of Gillian Broinowski after her wedding to young Swedish Baron Axel G:son Rappe at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse, on January 16.

Set with sparkling diamonds, it has the Rappe coat-of-arms engraved on a tiny piece of lead from a cannon-ball which wounded Axel's great-grandfather and namesake in his soldiering days in the last century. (Axel is uncertain of the exact war.)

When he recovered from his injuries, great-grandfather souvenired one of the offending bits of lead and had it made into a ring for his wife. Ever since, the ring has been handed on to the brides of his descendants bearing the name of Axel.

Gillian and Axel are being married on the fourth anniversary of his arrival in Australia. They'll also have a second, traditionally Swedish wedding ceremony later in the year when he takes Gillian on a visit to his homeland to meet his parents, Swedish scientist Baron G. A. Rappe and Baroness H. M. Rappe. Following their wedding here, Gillian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Broinowski, will entertain at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, and after they walk up the aisle again in Sweden they'll be feted at a reception given by Axel's father at his 16th-century home in Christinelund, County Smaland.

Gillian will wear the same gown at both ceremonies and follow the Swedish custom of setting off her veil with a crown.

FAIR-HAIRED Sally Best is right in the hub of the European Common Market with a secretarial job at the Committee's headquarters in Brussels. She took up the appointment (which is for six months) on January 2. Sally, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Best, of Lismore, went abroad with her brother Michael last August. Michael is coming home in February, flying back via America.

MRS. T. A. FIELD'S blessing on the romance between her son John Sawtell and Julie Anne Coleman took the form of a gift of one of her rings—a lovely oval sapphire surrounded by baguette diamonds. John has had it reset as an engagement ring for Julie Anne, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Coleman, of Dalby, Queensland. John is overseer at "Springleigh Station," Blackall, in Central West Queensland, about 500 miles from Brisbane.

THERE'S been such a joyous family reunion between Dr. and Mrs. Charles Huxtable, of Killara, and their twin daughters, who are both home for the first time since they left to wed abroad in 1957. First to arrive was Elizabeth with her husband, Mr. C. J. O. Moorhouse, and their small son Olaf. They've been living in South Africa for the past two years but are now to make their home again in London, where they have a flat in Chelsea. Last week Barbara and her husband, noted mountaineer and member of the Everest Committee Mr. John Kempe, zoomed in with their sons, Nicholas, aged three, and baby Clive, after breaking their journey in India. Mr. Kempe is flying back to England at the end of January. He's headmaster of Corby Grammar School and has to be there for the beginning of the new term. Barbara and the children will be with Dr. and Mrs. Huxtable until the end of February.



AFTER their wedding at St. Barnabas' Church, Oberon, Mr. Richard North and his bride, formerly Miss Judith Cotton, were pictured in the garden of the bride's home, "Carrington Park," Oberon, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cotton, entertained after the ceremony.



RIGHT:

JUST WED. Lieut-Col. Ian Hayman and his bride, formerly Miss Susan Macarthur-Onslow, on the steps of the church. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. James Macarthur-Onslow and the late Mr. Macarthur-Onslow. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. H. C. Hayman, of Hampton, Victoria, and the late Mr. Hayman.

LEFT:

LEAVING St. Paul's. Lieut-Col. Ian Hayman and his bride stooped to escape a low-hanging branch of one of the lovely old English trees surrounding the church, which was built in 1840. She wore a white cotton pique gown with a train embroidered with beads and Italian straw.



Historic setting for wedding

● Following family tradition, Miss Susan Macarthur-Onslow chose St. Paul's Church, Cobbitty, for her marriage to Lieut-Col. Ian Hayman, with a reception at "Camden Park," founded by John Macarthur in 1805, and now the home of her aunt Lady Stanham.



LEFT:

CHATTING over tea served in the garden. From left, Mrs. Peter King, Mr. Pat Saunders, of "Oakfield," Mudgee, Mr. Hugh Le Good, Mrs. Pat Saunders, and Mr. Bill Saunders were among guests at "Camden Park," Menangle, after the wedding.



BRIDESMAIDS, from left, Misses Sandra Macarthur-Onslow, Anne Stanham, Katie Sharp, and Susan Mackay, posed beside the garden swing at "Camden Park." They wore simple white voile frocks trimmed with white satin ribbon and the bridegroom's gift of dainty gold true-lover's-knot brooches set with a pearl.

BELOW:

TRYING ON the top hat worn by his father, Mr. Quentin Stanham, 14-year-old Mark Stanham amused youthful trio, from left, Max Hearst, Sandy Sharp, and Peter Murphy at the reception at "Camden Park" after the wedding. Mark is the bride's second cousin.



* How to turn a grumpy husband into a bright, cheerful partner . . .

Invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast



All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp nut-sweet appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK — Nature's way of keeping us fit, regular and cheerful. That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast — for this is the way "Mother Nature" promotes and maintains regularity — if you let her. No purgatives — or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

"BULK" IS THE ANSWER

With so many modern foods overcooked and over-processed, it is necessary for us to eat at least one food every day which is rich in "bulk". That one is All-Bran — made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.

All-Bran is a food — not a medicine. It is not habit-forming and builds your strength and vitality as it relieves your irregularity.

See why it so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative food — instead of use of purgatives which may

only drain energy and vitality away?

BEGIN THIS PLEASANT TEST TOMORROW

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you would be wise to see your doctor.

"All-Bran ended the worry of irregularity within days," says Mr. Olesen of Bondi, N.S.W. "Since I started taking All-Bran I have not had a day's trouble."



K830R

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

Worth Reporting

"IT is in official records that no woman has ever asked a silly question."

For that statement, Mr. Bert Henry Burgess, Supervisor of General and Commercial Education for the N.S.W. Government Railways Institute, wins our (girls') vote as the New Year's Most Popular Male.

Mr. Burgess, who retires next month after 50 years' service, was referring to the questions by women attending one particular Institute course — home maintenance of cars.

(Designed to help motorists diagnose and cure simple under-the-bonnet ills, the course last year enrolled 250 women among its 796 students.)

"The women, far from being helplessly hopeless when confronted with their first mechanics' course, cotton on quicker than men," said Mr. Burgess. "Ask our instructors."

"Correct," said Sydney suburban instructor Mr. Alfred Couchman. "They corner police lecturers with some sticky questions — and on visits to factories and assembly plants they're at home from the word go."

Mr. Couchman described the genial, retiring supervisor as "a born organiser, who does a prodigious job" as school-head of the Railways Institute's 47 different classes.

"His desk looks as though a cyclone has hit it — yet he can put his hand on anything he wants in a jiffy. It will take 10 men to replace him."

Starting work with the Railways at the age of 14, Mr. Burgess was appointed Supervisor of Education in 1947.

He has "kept the school bell ringing" for 9000 metropolitan and country pupils taking courses ranging from locomotive driving, plate-laying (laying of tracks), time-keeping, English and arithmetic to band music and ball-room dancing.



Mr. Bert Henry Burgess.

THIS is how Zsa Zsa Gabor recently introduced her mother to friends: "Mama, dolink, thiz piple ar wonderink how old you aren't this year."

Four sets of twins

IT was a case of seeing double for guests at the recent Griffith-Rains wedding in June, N.S.W. There were four sets of twins in the bridal party.

They were: The bride, Mavis Griffith, June, and one matron of honor, her sister, Mrs. Marie McQuade, of Oxley, N.S.W.; the groom, Ian Rains, Yagoona, N.S.W., and the other matron of honor, Mrs. Beverley Thomson, Bexley, N.S.W.; the best man and groomsman, Cliff and Geoffrey Heron, Yagoona (cousins of the bridegroom); and flowergirls Marion and Diane Sainsbury, 4, nieces of the bride.

Mavis, born a few hours later than Marie, is the seventh daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Griffith, of June, and Ian is the only son of Sergeant Frank Rains, of Petersham, N.S.W., Police Station, and the late Mrs. Rains.

NOTICE in a London music shop:

Closed for lunch.
Back in one hour.
Openback earlier.

Vase urned its keep

THE practical lads of Peru on their 1000 A.D. walkabouts really had fun with this versatile whistling vase pictured below.

They could carry water in it; they could use it to wolf-whistle the prettiest passing Peruvian; or, atop tall mountain peaks, they could blast warnings of enemy invasions from village to village.

The vase is from the private collection of Pre-Columbian art (before Columbus and the Spanish invasion of South America and Mexico) of Dr. Bernard Lake, Sydney, to be shown in Melbourne shortly.

Directions for the vase (now valued at £150): For thirst — drink from spout. For messages, whistles, warnings — blow through spout to emit (through two holes in back of jaguar's head) a deep trumpet blast.

Dr. Lake's collection, imported from Holland, includes jewellery, executed in the "common plastic of Inca days" — silver, of course.



AT the age of 89 Earl Russell, having established himself as one of the world's top philosophers and the leader of the sit-downers, is branching out into the disc business. He has recorded two long-playing records for the Pye Nonesuch label. The records range from talks on his early life to his views on Einstein, anarchism, birth control, and—of course—The Bomb.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Those Without Shadows"

Francoise Sagan (Penguin Books), 4/6.

Fragmentary, delicate as thistledown is this Sagan story, published first in 1957 and now published in Penguin Books. It is very much concerned with LOVE. Bernard neglects his pretty wife, Nicole, because he is in love with Josee, but Josee loves Jacques. Ageing Alain is consumed with passion for young and beautiful actress Beatrice to the sorrow of his wife, Fanny; Edouard, a young provincial, also loves Beatrice; ambitious Beatrice loves no one, nothing except her career, desires only Jolyet, her producer, because he can help her to fame. Inconsequential though it all may seem, Sagan manages in her deceptively simple sentences to build real characters and aim some barbed truths which may perhaps have an even deeper meaning in French than in this English translation.

Other new Penguins: *And the Rain My Drink*, by Han Suyin; *The Darling Buds of May*, H. E. Bates; *Satan in the Suburbs*, Bertrand Russell; *The Ambassador*,

Frances Parkinson Keyes; *One Pair of Hands*, Monica Dickens; *A Love Affair in Rome*, Ercole Patti; *Niki—The Story of a Dog*, Tibor Dery; *Say, Darling*, Richard Bissell; *In Love*, Alfred Hayes.

Edgar Degas Ballet Dancers

Sixty-nine color and black-and-white plates, and introduction by Lillian Browse (Morgan), 15/-.

As the introduction to this book states, the French painter Degas "has surely said the last word on ballet," as the excellent reproductions in this book show. He managed to satisfy two standards—that of art and that of technical truth, grasping the essentials of ballet often only appreciated in a lifetime of study. The introduction discusses many of the pictures and the circumstances of their painting. Most remarkable thing about this book is its low price. It is a high-standard publication using glossy paper, published in Sydney, printed in Great Britain.

What every secretary should know about ... **BOSSIES**

... or the secrets of success in "Mahogany Row"

THERE was a secretary who, beginning a new job, corrected a grammatical error in the letter her boss had just dictated to her. When it was presented for his signature the boss insisted the letter be retyped the way he'd dictated it.

The secretary did so but she also brought him a book on grammar and pointed out his mistake. It made no difference, he said. He wanted it his way.

Spotted the moral in that story? The boss is the boss, and no good secretary ever tries to reform him. After all, he wouldn't be where he is if he wasn't doing all right working his own way.

If you aim to be a good secretary and not merely a glamor girl of "Mahogany Row" (and, remember, a glamor girl with nothing else to offer is soon found out) you have to adapt yourself to the boss, not try to change him to suit you.

In addition to being self-possessed, resourceful, orderly, efficient, industrious, courteous, tactful, decisive, loyal, sincere, and discreet, the perfect secretary must be a psychologist.

You have to study the personality of your boss if you are going to be his Girl Friday, and then mould him and yourself into a compatible team.

Most bosses are well organised, under-

standing, and considerate, but some are "difficult" because they have been promoted on the basis of seniority rather than ability or because no one better qualified was available. Others may have bluffed their way up the success ladder.

But a "difficult" boss is a challenge to a secretary worth her salt. To be successful with yours you must decide (a) what type he is and (b) the extent to which you can adapt yourself to him.

Maybe your boss falls into one of the following categories, hardly describable as "mature." If so, you may appreciate the tips on how to handle him.

TEN TRYING TYPES



THE HUMAN DYNAMO

He's fast moving, impatient about detail, always in a hurry.

This type is usually disorganised, so to be his secretary you must be strong on detail and able to follow him round with a metaphorical broom and mop, brushing up the pieces he's left and mopping up the loose ends.



THE MOUSE

So timid and indecisive it is hard to know where you stand with him. He's the type that needs a mother.

If it suits your needs you can bring all your maternal instincts into play. Use your initiative by relieving him of routine, keep his office running smoothly, tactfully suggest ways to solve problems.

You may have to organise his work and nag him—in the subtlest way—to finish projects. If this is the type of boss you have, you may well be the "power behind the throne"—a very satisfactory feeling to the ambitious secretary.



THE WOLF

One of the most difficult bosses to get along with, but he can be controlled if dealt with firmly but always politely.

Most wolves are like little boys, trying to prove what big men they are. But they can be encouraged to show their masculinity in other ways than trying to be a Romeo to their secretaries.

If you're the diplomatic secretary you can still boost your wolf boss' ego by humoring him and admiring his business acumen. These are the safest ways of building up his masculine ego. If your relationship is kept on a strictly business basis the boss will have little cause to misinterpret your praise of his professional ability.



THE SHAM

He is usually in a job too far above his ability or intelligence and is scared of being found out. He is sensitive to criticism and ready to blame you—or someone else—if things go wrong. He likes to belittle others to increase his own business stature.

He's another type who has to be told frequently how good he is. If you're the secretary

who can quietly take over much of the responsibility, correcting his mistakes, or covering them up—while still appearing to be helpless and dependent—you'll be worth your weight in gold to him.

But don't expect him to appreciate you. You have to learn to weather his unfair criticism with a philosophical shrug and realise that you are his safety valve.



THE SADIST

Not many of these about, thank goodness, but you might be unfortunate enough to be working for one. He likes making others feel uncomfortable and hurting them.

You'll need a hard shell yourself to cope with this tough nut. Like the Go-Getter's secretary, you will have to make up to your fellow workers for the meanness of your boss by being sympathetic to them.

Meanwhile, you'll have to let his verbal abuse and meanness slide off your own shoulders. That'll take the fun out of the game for him!



THE AUTHORITARIAN

For him things are either black or white; people are either for him or agin him.

He has his pets and his scapegoats. Not a very pleasant person, but he runs the office by the book, and is usually right. His arbitrary attitude often covers inadequacy, believe it or not.

With this type you've no alternative but to be a yes-woman. You'll not get much chance to display initiative; the boss will only resent it. You will have to check every project with him, and follow his instructions to the letter. Only by being rather passive and diffident will you make the grade with this type. Can you stand it?

MEMO FROM THE BOSS

• He expects you . . .

1. To be loyal to him and the company.
2. To use discretion in all matters and to use initiative to save him time for more important tasks.
3. To follow through to see that jobs are completed (both yours and his).
4. To be interested in your job and enthusiastic about it.
5. To be pleasant, courteous, have a sense of humor, and have good manners.
6. To get along with others inside and outside the organisation.
7. To dress as well as possible, neatly, and in good taste.
8. To organise your work to give him the benefit of your time.
9. To have the necessary technical skills and knowledge.
10. To keep up with advances being made in your profession and in the company's field of operations.



THE DREAMER

This type never comes down to earth. He is the creative boss, engrossed in visionary ideas, and often out of touch with mundane things like the practical running of the office.

If you're the level-headed secretary who keeps calm under all conditions you'll be his "little treasure." You'll be the one who will have to deal with all practical matters, such as reminding him of appointments, keeping notes of meetings and telephone conversations, and keeping his feet on the ground.



THE PERFECTIONIST

A fussier over trifles, dogmatic, and often parsimonious. He's the type who checks the wastepaper basket for carbon paper, wasted letterheads, and pencil stubs.

Nothing short of the perfect secretary will do this kind. You will have to be meticulously neat in your work, doing everything from the most menial tasks in a way that is beyond criticism.

You'll have to be quick in all you do and as economy-minded as your boss, even though it may go against the grain with you.

You'll have to learn not to take it personally when your boss launches into one of his many tirades against in-

efficiency, or when he goes snooping around the stationery cupboard checking on the use of supplies.

He's not easy to work for, but if you can stick it out you'll be good enough to work with anybody.



THE SNARLER

Cannot resist controversy, and regards it as a sign of weakness to be nice to anyone he works with.

You'll need to be a saint to work for him. You'll have to be extra friendly to make up for his nastiness, and extremely sure of yourself, too. You'll have to learn to hide your sensitive feelings and be wise enough to laugh at his sarcastic remarks instead of being crushed by them.



THE GO-GETTER

He's usually young and on the way up, using the backs of all his fellow workers to climb to the top. He's a bluffer, but a very plausible one.

As secretary you can offset his ruthlessness by being specially kind and considerate to those people your boss has used. You'll certainly need intuition and a sense of humor when dealing with this kind, and a drive to match his own.

**Don't risk infection
... cover every hurt!**



Wherever there's a minor injury, there's the danger of serious infection! So *always* play safe and cover every hurt, no matter how small. And you know the world's best protection is a BAND-AID Plastic Dressing—protectively wrapped to seal out germs and dirt . . . with multi-vents for faster healing . . . plus rounded ends and Super-Stick for neater, firmer sticking. — A famous product of *Johnson & Johnson*

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Also available - BAND-AID Strips in Waterproof Cloth



"There's your trouble, Mac."



"I've eaten THIRTY-TWO chocolate biscuits, and I don't feel at all sick!"

It seems to me

BRITISH teachers say they have achieved outstanding results in teaching small children to read by means of a new alphabet known as "Augmented Roman."

The alphabet, devised by Sir Isaac Pitman (grandson of the shorthand man), has 19 extra letters and no Q or X. A thousand children are acting as guinea-pigs.

"The test will come," say the authorities behind the experiment, "in three years' time, when the children switch over to orthodox spelling."

Did I hear a snort of derision? Me, too.

The only thing that stops me from saying "How absurd" is a feeling that the people who try such devices cannot be as nutty as they seem.

Yet all reason suggests that it is no use teaching children to read by means of a simplified alphabet unless that simplified alphabet becomes the standard one.

The people behind this scheme were prompted by dismay at the high proportion of illiteracy among children leaving school. I'd lay odds that it will be nothing compared with the eventual illiteracy among children whose formative years were spent learning to read what is virtually a foreign language.

I WOULDN'T much care to see a new alphabet adopted—not that I think there's much danger of it—but I can hardly wait for decimal currency.

Now that Britain is likely to discard pounds, shillings, and pence, perhaps there will be some action on the Australian decimal front. This is a change that must come, and the longer it is delayed the more expensive the process will be.

And after we've converted to decimal currency, what about weights and measures?

No doubt I'd be grizzling for a while if the switch were made to the metric system. "Yes, but how long is that in furlongs?" I can hear myself muttering as I read the track gallops.

But one would adjust eventually.

WHICH reminds me about the china mug that was among my Christmas presents.

It is decorated with a drawing of two horses approaching the finishing-post.

One horse has 5 on its saddlecloth, the other 13. The jockey on Number 5 has his head stretched out and wears a smug smile. But the nose of horse Number 13 is in front.

You can't tell which one will win, but it looks pretty safe for a quinella.

(Note for those who don't go to races. For the quinella you pick the first and second horses, irrespective of their order.)

So far, no luck.

I use the mug for flowers. On second thoughts, in future I will refer to it as a vase.



Dorothy Drain

SHE was about 16, and she stood at the perfumery counter. "Have you any French perfume for 12 shillings?" she was asking.

It took my mind back to when I was round the same age, not long from a country town, and stood transfixed before the window of the smartest jewellers in Brisbane.

I marched in. "How much are the green beads in the window?" I asked.

"Sixty guineas, Madam," said the man behind the counter with never a flicker of

expression. "They are jade."

A LOVE scene in a play by Jean Anouilh recently caused some criticism when shown on British television:

In the play "Jeannette" the lovers, played by Diane Cilento and Paul Massie, are shown kissing while up to their shoulders in the sea. The tide rises around them, washes over their heads, and they drown in each other's arms.

Vladek Sheybal, the Polish producer of "Jeannette," was irritated by the shocked comments of some English critics. "I cannot understand why the British will not look passion in the face," he said. "They are taught to conceal emotion."

Without having seen the play (perhaps we will, with any luck) I feel that criticism may be justified on the grounds of improbability. The instinct for survival is strong. In real life the lovers would probably take the precaution of swimming ashore while they could.

ACCORDING to a United States survey of the tourist potential of various countries, Australia's best tourist attraction is its people.

All around the globe they go
Earnest tourists, to and fro,
Boarding aeroplanes and boats,
Clicking shutters, taking notes.
Galleries and castles here,
Monuments and churches there.
London—National and Tate,
Sentries at the Palace gate.
Quick, to Europe. On the move,
Take in Paris, see the Louvre.
Pause an hour or so in Rome,
Mustn't miss St. Peter's dome.
Athens (Parthenon), then east,
India—Taj Mahal, at least.
Further on, there's Angkor Vat,
Singapore, Hong Kong—that's that.
Now Austraha. "Hip, hooray,"
So the tired tourists say.
Why? They're ready for a rest?
Culture, sights, have dimmed their zest?
You'll never guess—they want to see
Just the natives, you and me!

OLE! LUISILLO!

● Ole! Dynamic Luisillo and his Spanish Dancers—an entirely new company—are back in Australia.

They are scheduled to begin their tour in Adelaide on January 13.

Australian audiences were carried away by the exhilaration of the dancers on Luisillo's previous visits, 1958 and 1960.

Tiny Luisillo (he is 5ft. 4in.) is manager, choreographer, set designer, and leading dancer of the company.

Born in Mexico, he started dancing at eight, and at 14 became an apprentice bullfighter. But after three years he returned to dancing.

In 1952 he formed his Spanish Dance Theatre in Madrid.



ARTIST Luisillo (above), tiny and compelling, with pale skin, black eyes and hair. At left: With some of his dancers in one of the ensembles.



PRETTY DANCERS (below) of Luisillo's company, from left, Carmen Aracena, Conchita Anton, and Nuria Ranz.





● Lionel Long in moleskins and old-fashioned work shirt as a prospector in a TV film illustrating "Rush-away," a song about gold prospectors.

HE'S GOING PLACES ON TV

● Lionel Long, Australian balladist, has already infiltrated through Channel 9's famous teenage show "Bandstand" to adult evening programmes, where he's a favorite with viewers and producers.

MEET him and you wouldn't wonder at his popularity. He is 23, 5ft. 10in. tall, dark blond in hair and complexion, has blue-grey eyes, a nice smile, and nice manners.

He is one of those happy people to get along with—one of those who aim to please. He is delighted to perch on a rail (as at right for a picture), sing a song for you, or even give you a go of his precious guitar.

Lionel is by no means satisfied with himself as a guitarist. He describes himself as adequate — no Segovia. As a start towards playing like his idol, he is constantly studying and practising his guitar.

He is a busy young man. As well as "Bandstand," to which he is contracted, fill-in spots for A.B.C.-TV, and various other appearances, including one on "Revue '61," he has just finished filming a TV show for Visatone Television, which features six ballads from his current best-selling LP, "Waltzing Matilda."

Before long you'll meet him on A.B.C.-TV's "University of the Air," when he illustrates vocally the history of Australian folk music.

He has already appeared in two "University of the Air" lectures on early Australian history. He sang folk songs which typified the way people in those days felt about drought, gold prospecting, and things political, like the Land Bill.

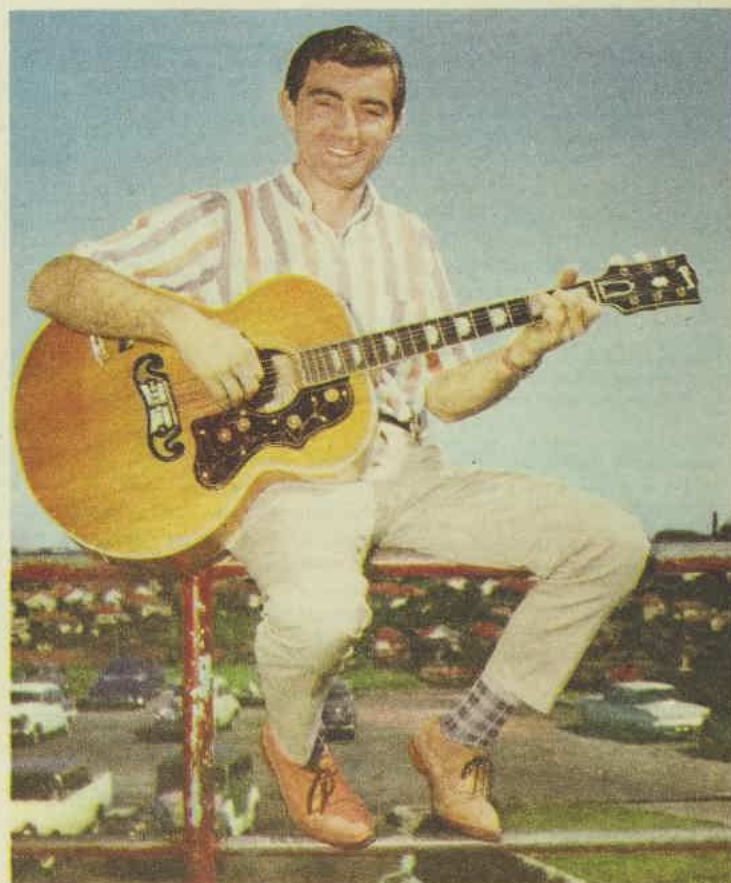
TV has given him a new career as a professional musician. Before that he did agriculture at the Hawkesbury Agricultural College and sold farm equipment for an agricultural firm.

Lionel has a lively interest in all things Australian, including girls, although he is not seriously romancing with anyone yet.

He also has a lively sense of humor and fun. He has his own special word that he uses for the correct photographic expression. Instead of "Cheese," which is said to guarantee a happily informal photographic look, Lionel prefers "Sex!"—said most feelingly.

Having heard him say it when we took a monster pin-up of 13 Bandstanders, I can report that it is a good one to use for the purpose and, when said unexpectedly, has a galvanising effect on any other people in the picture.

—NAN MUSGROVE



● Balladist Lionel with guitar. The guitar is a special one. It belongs to Australian entertainer Col Joye, who lent it to Lionel for this picture.

● If a crop of older "boys" (some bald) and "girls" sit glued to a new A.B.C.-TV children's show, don't fear an epidemic of second childhood.

THEY'LL just be recapturing magic moments of youth for several generations—watching fictional flying ace James Bigglesworth go through his paces as "Biggles."

A TV "Biggles" series has started in Sydney and Melbourne and will be screened in other States from dates yet to be fixed.

Biggles is surely a literary legend—I doubt if there are many males (or girls, for that matter) with childhoods during or since the late 1930s who haven't "flown" with the redoubtable Biggles.

Biggles' creator, 69-year-old English Captain (retired) William Earl Johns, first sent aloft his hero in 1939 and has kept him there ever since, through about 60 books.

Biggles, therefore, has had many happy returns—and so, too, has Johns: he can knock out a Biggles book in about a fortnight and get a return of about £12,000.

The secret of Biggles' popularity? It's probably the result of several factors—authenticity, from Johns' own experiences; a more sophisticated, and lustier, extension of the long-proven, successful boys' fiction formula of true-blue, clean-living teamwork, as exhibited in "Magnet" and "Gem" stories.

The technical and personal backgrounds to Biggles stories—particularly to the early ones when Biggles was an ex-World

"Biggles" on TV—oh, wizard!

War I pilot—should be accurate.

Author Johns served with the British Army in the Middle East from 1914 to 1916 then transferred to the Royal Flying Corps (the forerunner of the R.A.F.).

He served continuously on flying duties until 1930, when he retired to become an aviation journalist.

Biggles' long-standing team—the boyish, hero-worshipping Ginger Hebblethwaite, and the languid but lethal-

years ago that he had escaped from a World War II prison camp by using methods he had read about in a Biggles book.

Now, of course, even Biggles knows that the war is over. He is a Detective-Inspector of Air Police, a branch of Scotland Yard, and is attached to Interpol, the stamping-ground for games of international cops and robbers.

Biggles is played on TV by rugged, fair-haired Nevil Whiting, 30, who was compere of an English TV quiz for two years after playing in repertory theatre, and taking leading roles in the musicals "South Pacific" and "The Pajama Game."

John Leyton is Ginger (and, by the way, looks just as I have always pictured the perpetually youthful assistant) and David Drummond is the frightfully pukka (but damned reliable) Bertie to a T.

Biggles' arch-enemy, Von

Stalhein (Carl Duerling), is there, too.

I hope they dream up some wizard stunts to beat the blighter!

★ ★ ★

IT puzzles me why no producer, apparently, has made a TV series of "The Saint's" adventures.

Simon Templar's swash-buckling, Robin Hood-like "life" seems to be a natural for a good show.

I wonder who would star? Three men who made quite a few "Saint" movies were George Sanders (in 1939, twice, 1940 twice, and 1941), Louis Hayward (1938, 1953), and Hugh Sinclair (1941, 1942).

Different look

at the West

MY vote for the most consistently entertaining of the less lavish TV Westerns goes to "Zane Grey Theatre" (Channel 7, Wednesdays, at 7 p.m.).

It is a half-hour that doesn't just chronicle the lives of one type of people (settlers in "Wagon Train") or one town (Dodge City in "Gunsmoke").

It ranges the length and breadth of the West during its lusty life of roughly 40 years.

The quality of a recent episode is typical.

It told the story of two Confederate soldiers during the American Civil War who were faced with the alternative of killing a Northern boy prisoner or endangering their own and their army's safety.

For one "Reb" the choice was simple—he voted for killing the lad.

The other was tellingly torn between loyalties to military and moral values.

The compassionate Confederate's committal to letting the boy live ended in tragedy—he killed his comrade and was captured.

Host Dick Powell, discreet and unobtrusive in that he doesn't make a welter of starring in the show (he played the tortured soldier, by the way), presents a fascinating segment at the start of each show.

He shows gear (props or relics, it's hard to say) that plays a big part in the coming story and explains its significance during the period pictured.

★ ★ ★

ARTHUR GODFREY and Alan Funt's "Candid Camera" (Channel 9) cer-



AWKWARD spot for airman hero James Bigglesworth (right), star of A.B.C.-TV's "Biggles." The Mountie (actor Fred Abbott) holding the gun bears a striking resemblance to the late Gary Cooper.

tainly does pull stunts that get very funny reactions from people. But the people televised don't know they're being "shot."

So I found even more fascinating the antics of people on a TV screen in the display window of a Sydney department store recently.

A television camera in the window photographed people

in the street and transmitted their images over a closed circuit on to the screen.

Well! The antics the people got up to—deliberately. Women preened themselves and tried to imitate Tanya . . . small boys "drew" like Wyatt Earp . . . people pulled faces.

It was one of the best TV "shows" I have seen.

Movie Gossip

JAMES MASON and wife, Pamela, have been going to a Beverly Hills dance studio every day for Twist lessons.

★ ★ ★

CLARK GABLE'S widow, Kay, is finally coming out of seclusion. She flew to Atlanta, Georgia, to attend a swank party friends were giving.

Not only did she enter into the evening's festivities, but won the gold trophy in a Twist contest.

★ ★ ★

MUSICALS have staged a comeback in Hollywood. Not since the 1940s have dancers, singers, and choreographers been in such demand by casting directors. Broadway musicals, dramas, and remakes of musical pictures of the '40s are in production to supply the new demand for light and gay film material.

From the Broadway stage, "Flower Drum Song," "Jumbo," "Gypsy," and "Music Man" are being filmed, and 20th Century-Fox is preparing to make a musical out of "Miracle On 34th Street."

A musical version of the classic "Cyrano de Bergerac" is planned by M.G.M.'s Michael Gordon, now directing Kim Novak's "Boys' Night Out." Also on M.G.M.'s planning board of proposed film musicals are "Viva Villa" and "We Take the Town."

ELVIS PRESLEY fans in his hometown, Memphis, are being offered—first come, first served—leaves from the trees that surround his mansion, 10,000 of them. A radio station is behind the offer—not Elvis!

★ ★ ★

MAURICE CHEVALIER has kept the "inside" facts of his long and colorful life—particularly his many loves—a deep, dark secret all these years. But now the debonair Frenchman has revealed all in his "The Life and Loves of Maurice Chevalier." When asked what made him do it he announced, "When a man gets to be my age there's nothing to hide any more."

★ ★ ★

SIX months ago Helen Shapiro was a 15-year-old London schoolgirl whose nearest contact with her pop idols was the records she bought with her pocket money. Today, as Helen Shapiro—singer and current hit-parader—she heads the star-studded cast of "It's Trad Dad," a teenage musical being shot at England's Shepperton studios by Hollywood director Dick Lester. Co-starring with Helen in this lively film are Craig Douglas, Chris Barber's Jazz Band, and Americans Chubby ("Twist") Checker and Clarence ("Frogman") Henry.

"MAGIC" MAKE-UP CHANGES

MAKE-UP can work miraculous changes on TV stars' faces—as these pictures of work by ABV2, Melbourne, experts show.

The people transformed here are variety show "Take Three" stars Sheila Bradley and Johnny Ladd.



BEFORE: Pretty face of well-known actress and singer Sheila Bradley. Yet make-up can turn her into an old crone.



AFTER: Sheila with stringy grey wig, one eye "blinded" with a latex eye-patch, and a lined, scowling face.



BEFORE: Johnny Ladd, popular comedian and man of many faces, in a serious mood—and wearing his own face.



AFTER: Johnny as an old countryman, with bulbous false nose, drooping moustache, wispy, grey hairpiece.



AGAIN: Johnny with curled woman's wig, pencilled eyebrows, and with small sponges pushing out his cheeks.

FABULOUS FOODARAMA



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Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator gives you this true home freezer, separately insulated and refrigerated. It holds 68 lbs. of frozen food and is refrigerated on all five sides for faster, more efficient freezing. Unlike the frozen food chest of an ordinary refrigerator you can safely store foods here for months at a time. It's just like having a supermarket in your kitchen.

Exciting refrigerator-home freezer that never needs defrosting!

This is it! The most exciting new refrigerator in Australia! *Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator.* This 14.2 cubic feet refrigerator-home freezer combination opens a brighter new world of leisurely living. Every feature has been planned with you in mind. And, thanks to exclusive CYCLIC Defrost, all defrosting is done — automatically! Foodarama is also powered by a bigger, always-efficient "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Inspect the Fabulous Foodarama at your Kelvinator retailer now.

Exclusive Kelvinator Cyclic Defrost is the world's finest method of fully automatic defrosting! It is an efficient, continuous cycle of refrigeration and defrosting. Frost just doesn't get a chance to build up inside your refrigerator. So your Fabulous Foodarama always operates at top efficiency.

There are no timing devices to go wrong and what is even more amazing — no heating elements are used. All your frozen foods stay frozen — and your hands never touch water! CYCLIC Defrost by Kelvinator ends defrosting — forever!

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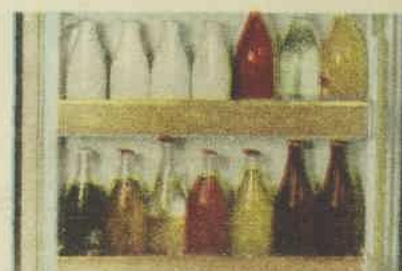
KL143R

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1962

Kelvinator FOODARAMA 14 De-Luxe. Giant 14.2 cubic feet capacity. Never requires defrosting, huge 68 lbs. Home Freezer; waist-level crispers; full-width, lift-out Fruit and Utility Basket; Twin Dairy Chests; portable Egg Trays hold 24 eggs; Breakfast Bar; slide-out Shelves; "moist-cold" storage. Powered by the mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Price 257 guineas. See the complete new Kelvinator range of 6 models, priced from as low as 135 guineas (slightly higher in some areas). Available with left or right hand opening doors, all with magnetic door-seal gaskets.



Convenient waist-level crispers end stooping and bending forever. Special moisture seal keeps fruit and vegetables crisp and garden-fresh.



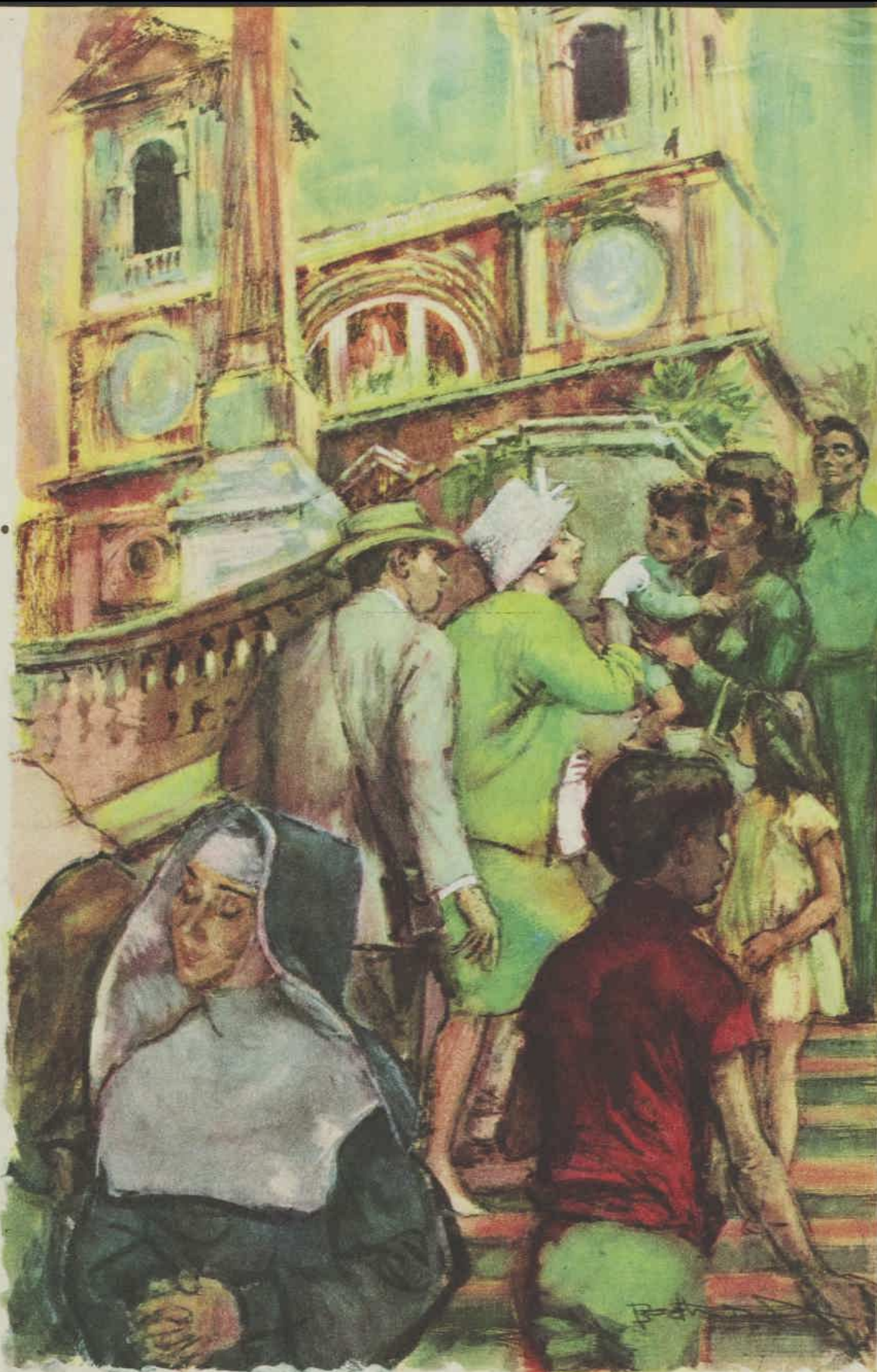
Deep-door shelves hold even the tallest bottles. Made of beautiful gold anodised aluminium, they are easily removed and simple to keep clean.



It was the spirit of its
people even more than the
beauty of the Eternal
City which touched her
understanding heart

WHEN IN ROME...

By PATRICIA
COLLINGE



A MOMENT after the Engels left the jeweller's shop on the Via Condotti, Mrs. Engel opened the box she was carrying and extracted the silver charm bracelet she had just bought. "I love it," she said, dangling it in the light. "I simply love it."

She dropped the bracelet in the box and continued with Mr. Engel toward the Spanish Steps.

In the middle of crossing she stopped, and Mr. Engel had to push her forward out of the path of a shrieking phalanx of motor-cycles. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've just realised," she answered. "Do you know what I said to the man?"

"What man?"

"The jeweller. I told him I loved him. That's actually what I said. I meant I loved the bracelet, but I got the pronoun wrong and I should have said 'piacere,' not 'amo.' It pleases me—that's what I should have said. Oh, well, he probably knew what I meant."

Mr. Engel considered this. Whether the jeweller understood or misunderstood Mrs. Engel's intention was not important; what was important was his own wish that she wouldn't keep on trying to speak Italian when it wasn't necessary. On their recent trip to the hill towns her limited knowledge had often been useful, but now they were back in Rome, where almost everyone they had contact with understood English, and he wished that Mrs. Engel could somehow be brought to believe it.

He had a theory about speaking Italian and was about to enlarge on it, but they had reached the Spanish Steps and the ascent, slowly though they went, took all his breath. He would have preferred a taxi, but Mrs. Engel liked the Steps with their burden of people.

Sometimes she spoke to one or another of them, and always she waved to the babies, with the inverted Italian wave that she had adopted. After they had gained the top he stood with her, watching the city below turn to apricot in the waning sunlight, then steered her back to their hotel nearby, to sink thankfully into the white-painted chairs in the courtyard, where they always had their cocktail.

It was early evening; the swifts were making dusky circles in the deepening sky, and the flowers on the hotel terrace were as brilliant as stained glass. Mrs. Engel surveyed the scene happily.

"Bello," she murmured. "Molto bello."

Mr. Engel sighed. "Another?" He indicated her glass.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"About seven-thirty."

"No, then," she said. "I'll wait till after dinner."

Mr. Engel held up a finger to the darkly handsome young man who was in suave charge of the semi-circular, gaily awninged bar. "Check, please."

"You should say 'il conto,'" said Mrs. Engel dreamily. "Bill" in England, "l'addition" in France, "il conto" in Italy.

"Check," Mr. Engel repeated, and almost at once it was in his fingers. He had signed it, noted the service charge, and added a few more lire than were recommended by the book on "How to Tip and Travel in Europe," which was as much a companion to him as the phrase books and dictionaries that made Mrs. Engel's packing a problem were to her. He collected her gloves and bag and moved with her to the elevator.

"I don't see why you won't," she said, as he pressed the button.

"Won't what?"

"You know perfectly well what. All this time here and you won't even try. It's just as easy to say 'conto' as 'check.' 'Conto' is what you say."

"Not what I say," he replied when the elevator came, and, as always, he had to pull Mrs. Engel back from the door, which treacherously opened outward.

After they had got in she had said, "Settimo piano, per favore." The boy had said, "Severn floor, h'ohkay."

"Want to have dinner here or out?" Mr. Engel asked as he unlocked their door and let his wife pass in.

"Whichever you like," she answered, going to the long windows and opening them to the narrow balcony.

"Well, I'd like to go back to that place by the fountain where they have the ravioli."

There are many fountains in Rome, and there is ravioli in every restaurant adjacent to them. Mrs. Engel turned on him. "You see! You won't even say an Italian name. You could mean anywhere. No one would know where you meant!"

"Well, you know," he replied placidly. "Want to go there?"

"Yes," she said. She took a black taffeta dress from the wardrobe, spread it on her bed, and began trying the effect of an artificial pink camellia on one shoulder. Then she returned to the attack. "I don't understand you," she said. "Italian is so easy you don't even have to pronounce it. 'Conto,' that's all you have to say. Conn-to." She drew it out a little.

Mr. Engel went to a table and began putting all the things from his pockets on it. Then he removed his coat.

"You won't even try," his wife went on. "I wish you would just try."

Mr. Engel took off his tie. "What do you want me to do?" he asked. "Go around telling jewellers that I love them?"

"That isn't fair!" said Mrs. Engel hotly. "Just because I made a mistake and told you! I suppose now you'll think everything I say is wrong!"

"No," said Mr. Engel, "though I don't think it's always right—like this 'chow' thing you say."

"What 'chow' thing?"

"You say it all the time. Every time you see a child you

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COUNTERFEIT WIFE

It was so important for her to
play the part convincingly

... an amusing short story

By
**ROBERT
CARSON**

AT the start of a busy morning on Monday, that worst day of the week, a young man telephoned a girl. Naturally his secretary opened the conversation, to the girl's annoyance. "Miss Elaine Brooks?" the secretary asked with no great cordiality.

"Who else?" Elaine Brooks said. "Would this be—"

"Yes, Mr. Harry Ashley calling," the secretary said. "Hold on, please."

Elaine held on for upward of four minutes. As she was about to slam down the instrument, an affable, Ivy League voice said hurriedly in her left ear, "Elaine, pet—sorry for the delay; I'm always snowed under on Mondays. What—"

"Don't you ever make a call yourself? Do you know how to dial?"

"Yes, but I haven't time. What—"

"I note you have your usual secretary trouble again. The dame sounded furious with me."

Harry chuckled benevolently. "Donna? How ridiculous. She's a mere child—and stricken by a guy with a beard and sandals down in the Village. Listen, you've interrupted me twice, and I must get on with the march of commerce. What are you doing today?"

"Well, I have a fitting at eleven."

"For an apron?"

"Don't get nasty. And I have to go to the photographer's studio at two."

"Lunch," Harry said. "I've got to talk to you. Make it Henri's on Forty-seventh Street at twelve-thirty precisely. I'll skip our sacred Monday sales meeting. Goodbye."

"Wait a minute. Why do you have to talk to me?"

"It's tremendously important, maybe the turning point in my life—the greatest decision a man can make."

"What about my life?" Elaine said, a trifle breathlessly. "Would this meeting concern matrimony perhaps?"

"You're way ahead of me, angel," Harry said. "That topic is high on our agenda. Look, Donna is holding two other calls for me. We have an appointment with destiny at half past twelve. Goodbye."

Inclined toward rigidity, Elaine took care in dressing. Her hair, fortunately, had been done the day before. Since it was spring, she put on a sparkling green suit and a smart hat. When she stood at a mirror and applied lipstick, she observed that no rouge need be applied—there was a hectic flush mantling her face. Her heart was beating slightly out of synchronisation, and she felt confused.

This was terribly sudden. She had known Harry Ashley for only two years and had determined to marry him only one hour after their first meeting on a blind date. For ten months she had chased him determinedly, but without avail. Then fatigue set in, and she waited for him to come to her.

He didn't. They had been just good friends now for a long time, which was revolting. She meant to give him up any moment, preferably during a dramatic scene in which she regarded him more in anger than in sorrow, but giving up the Harry habit proved tough.

Obviously he knew innumerable girls, yet he was not a wolf or a bore. His manners were good, he was lighthearted and intelligent and sympathetic and fun to know, and he never got drunk. She respected him. Part of his avoidance of marriage could be explained by his ambition and industry.

An exceedingly youthful executive, his mind was on his work, and he was bound for the top. The wrong kind of personal commitments might hinder his rise, and she couldn't really blame him for clinging to a sensible freedom of action—the "extra man" seemed to possess an advantage in corporate business, and Harry was often away on cross-country journeys. Anyhow, he had made no demands on her, so she couldn't make any on him. But this was different.

She arrived at Henri's right on time. Harry was ten minutes late, and she waited glumly in the foyer. Despite her irritation at a typical instance of how he invariably tried to crowd too much of everything into his life, the sight of him gladdened her, as always.

Success and pressure hadn't spoiled his easy cordiality.

He didn't wear those skimpy Italian-born suits affected by fashionable newcomers. He was slim and good-looking, with an attractive touch of premature grey in his hair.

"Sorry for the delay," he said and kissed her cheek. "I had a call from Texas, and that's big. You look magnificent—new and radiant, sort of. How long since we've had a date?"

"Twenty-three days"—Elaine consulted her wrist watch—"eleven hours and twenty and a half minutes."

He laughed. "I was in California for two weeks, you know. Where the rest of the time has gone, I can't imagine. Come on."

They were seated, and she watched while he sipped a cocktail. His conversation dealt with the weather and people they both knew, and she was forced to subdue her nervous impatience. As far as she could tell, he appeared completely at ease.

"I've had the cocktail," he remarked in the course of ordering food, "and you're the one with the high flush. What's the matter?"

"I think I have high blood pressure," she said. "Let's start working our way through the agenda."

He grew solemn. "I suppose we'd better. I almost didn't have the nerve. Elaine, Acme World-Wide is after me—Rosden C. Baker himself—and Hilliard Associates is willing to let me go to improve my position. It's a great and challenging opportunity."

"Everything is challenging these days. That's the only word they use. Rosden C. who?"

"Baker. Anybody who knows international financing and manufacturing has heard of him."

"All right, flunk me. I haven't."

"They say he's like a father to his executive family. You simply aren't considered without the highest qualifications. We've had several conferences recently and I found him charming. His headquarters are in a suite of offices you wouldn't believe at Radio City."

"Suppose Rosden C. Baker finds you are his type—what then?"

"I'd be put in charge of southern European continental operations," Harry said, "with headquarters in Madrid. It's the same as being ennobled. The future is unlimited. Probably fifty thousand a year, stock options, a huge expense account, entree everywhere—"

"I've never been to Europe," Elaine said, "but I'm sure I'd—"

"Now I realise I did right to hammer away at languages at New Haven. But I haven't made it yet, darling. There's one little hitch."

Elaine sighed. "Ah, yes. You mentioned matrimony, the turning point in your life, the most important decision a man can make."

"Uh—exactly," Harry hesitated. "Mr. Baker prefers married men in his higher echelons. He feels that having a wife, and even children, gives a man greater stability and purpose, especially if he's abroad. Mr. Baker has come out strongly—as far as Acme World-Wide is concerned—for home and mother, high morals and clean living, no hanky-panky with fascinating foreigners, and sensible hours."

"I'm with Mr. Baker. He sounds sound."

"Uh—yes. Well, Elaine, I'm pretty young for consideration in such a job and I was pressing rather hard the day Mr. Baker and I discussed certain aspects of my private life. In an effort to cover every contingency I fear I gave him the impression I was a husband. What I'm going to say next may sound silly to you, but—"

"No, no," Elaine said, a bit concerned that she might be perspiring in an unfeminine fashion. "Referring to marriage as one of the 'contingencies' and lying to Mr. Baker isn't the kind of thing I ordinarily applaud, but you go right ahead, Harry. Romance doesn't have to be absolutely romantic with me—I don't mind a little business mixed up in it."

"I said I conveyed the impression I was married," Harry replied with dignity. "It wasn't a barefaced falsehood. The trouble is, Mr. Baker evidently swallowed my impression hook, line, and sinker. Do you know how corporations investi-

gate and evaluate their potential executive material in every particular these days?"

"No."

"Elaine, they cover the field, including social aspects. The wives come in for a searching scrutiny, and a wife without proper background and poise can break a man."

"I'll be darned!" Elaine said. "Women have finally become indispensable, haven't they? Go right ahead, Harry."

"Mr. Baker, who is as shrewd in his own fashion as a used-car dealer, does the distaff private-eye work for Acme World-Wide himself. You can imagine my chagrin when he phoned me last night and suggested I have him and Mrs. Baker to dinner so they could meet my little woman. What could I say?"

"You could have told the truth."

"That occurred to me, pet," Harry said irritably, "and I discarded the idea at once. I could also have turned in my resignation then and there, before I was hired. Instead, I invited the Bakers to my apartment tonight for a home-cooked meal."

"Eh?" Elaine said. "This is terribly sudden."

Harry cleared his throat and smiled somewhat forcedly. "Then I spent part of the night going through the list of the few gentlewomen I know. Who, I asked myself, personifies the ideal young American matron—the girl next door in the kitchen, the rosy-cheeked housewife? There could only be one answer—good old Elaine Brooks."

"Good old Elaine. Go right ahead, Harry."

"Won't you please stop saying, 'Go right ahead, Harry?' You're making me nervous." Harry paused and dabbed at his forehead with a handkerchief. "Now we arrive at the turning point—the great decision. To put it briefly, should I turn crooked? Have I the right to deceive Mr. Baker? Does the end justify the means? Can I get away with it?"

"Harry, I'd turn crooked," Elaine said, "just this once. Why, Abraham Lincoln remarked that you can fool some of the people all the time. You aren't actually being dishonest if you intend within a few days to—uh, to—"

Reaching across the table, Harry took her hand. She had to restrain an impulse to say "yes" before the question was put, and approved of his reserve in not dropping to his knees on the restaurant floor, which would have attracted unfavorable attention even in blase Manhattan.

"Darling, I knew you'd understand," he said. "You've cleared up all my doubts. You're the kind of girl men dream of. Do this favor for me, and I'll be your friend till the end."

"Friend? This is the end?"

"The beginning, Elaine. Don't worry about me. If I go to Madrid, I can always explain that my wife is coming along later. Eventually I can say Mrs. Ashley didn't want to live abroad and decided to call off the marriage. That will win me sympathy. Once I take hold on the job, Mr. Baker won't have the strength to bounce me—little white lie or not." Harry stared at her. "Since the start of this interview you've been as red as a traffic signal. Now you're as green as one. What's the matter?"

"I was indicating 'stop' before," Elaine said very quietly. "I've changed to 'go'—and that means you, buster. Get out of here or I'll take these lamb chops of mine by their frilled pants and beat you into a pulp."

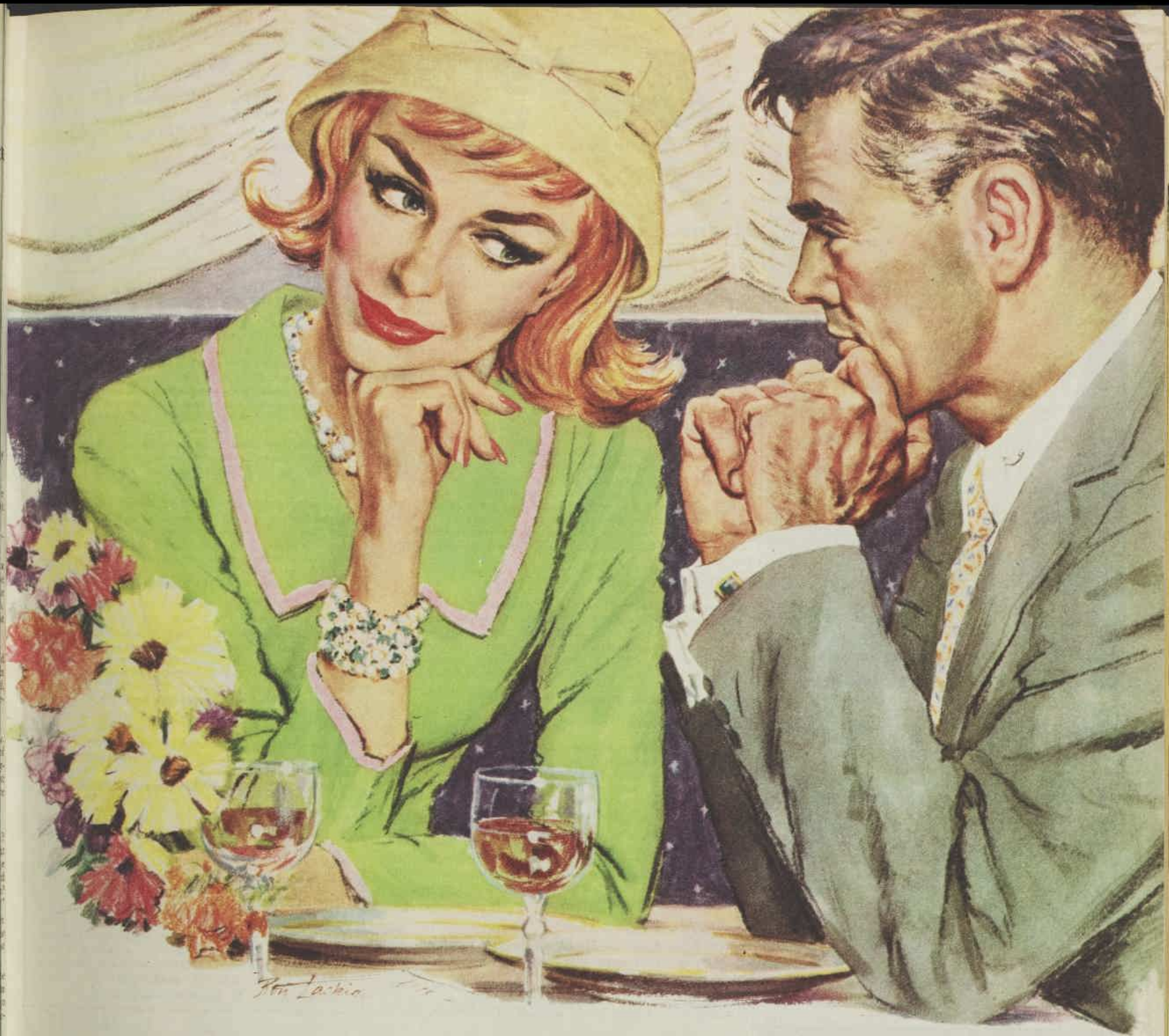
"But, Elaine—"

"You heard me!"

"Stop being girlish! We're pals, aren't we? A pal makes a small error, he requests his pal to help him out with a harmless impersonation, and the other pal is delighted to be of assistance. What is wrong with that, when the pal of the first part is willing to pay regular photographer's hourly rates to the pal of the second part? You aren't turning crooked—I am. You're merely an accessory after the fact."

Elaine arose, clutching the lamb chops, attracting nearly as many curious glances as if Harry had dropped to his knees. Harry got up and retreated rapidly. Sitting down again, she pondered for a long while on man's inhumanity to woman.

Finally she managed to eat the cold chops and drink a cup of coffee, thus avoiding an utter loss. A worldly head



Harry Ashley appeared completely at ease as he chatted amicably to Elaine during lunch.

waiter, evidently accustomed to such scenes, came by to tell her the bill and tip had been taken care of.

Under the impression she had aged considerably, Elaine walked with dragging steps to the foyer. By then she had reached the view that Harry was frightfully mistaken—he'd said he was turning crooked and she wasn't, but the opposite was true.

She went into the powder room and used the telephone to painstakingly persuade a fretful man into delaying her sitting for an hour. Next she found Mr. Baker's number in the directory and talked successively to a switchboard operator, a secretary, and the executive assistant to the head of Acme World-Wide.

The attendant, a fat woman, came out and listened curiously with her hands on her hips to Elaine's assertions that she was turning crooked, prepared to sing, and had certain free undercover information of a detrimental character concerning a rat that Acme World-Wide might, in its madness, try to employ.

At last Mr. Baker came on, requested Elaine not to raise her trembling voice, said he was a trifle fatigued from having been on a round trip to Cleveland in the corporation's jet aircraft, and urged her to join him at Radio City immediately.

Scorning expense, she took a cab. Rosden C. Baker's office was incredibly large and luxurious. He was a calm, genial, bald man, with kindly jowls and rather penetrating blue eyes. As he led Elaine to a chair, she said, "You're awfully nice to let me come over at once, Mr. Baker. This is a matter of life and death. No doubt you've heard hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, but in this case Mr. Ashley has just gone too far. I am acting from the highest principles in exposing him—all I want is a lasting peace, good will

on earth, truth, justice, freedom, the sanctity of marriage, stability for Acme World-Wide, and Mr. Ashley's pointed little head served on a—"

"Of course, my dear," Mr. Baker said. "Do stop shaking—you look as though you were riding on the subway. May I offer you a cigarette or a drink?"

"I don't drink or smoke very often."

"Really? How fine and old-fashioned. I love the color combination of your red hair, white face, and green suit. Haven't we met previously?"

"I don't think so," Elaine said. "You've probably seen me in magazine advertisements—I'm the young mother, generally of two, who does all those home-appliance and detergent things. The—the married woman. I've even been in the fashion journals, showing the latest in housecoats, lounging pyjamas, and aprons."

"That's it," Mr. Baker said. "You represent happy wedlock to the rest of us. Well, well, Miss Brooks, start at the beginning, in your own words."

Her damp hands clasped tightly together, Elaine told the whole story from the blind date up to and including the incident of the lamb chops. At intervals Mr. Baker clucked his tongue, smiled, sighed, or closed his bright eyes for a moment. A silence ensued after Elaine finished.

"I did it and I'm glad," she said. "If I had to do it over again, I'd do it over again. I only wish I were a man and could give Harry a thick ear to accompany this

stab in the back." She wiped her cheeks. "Why do I suddenly feel like a stool pigeon?"

"Nonsense," Mr. Baker said. "Harry is neither Acme nor World-Wide, it would appear. You have only done your citizen's duty, Miss Brooks. But I wouldn't stop at that."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Go through with the impersonation. Pretend to make up with Harry. Mrs. Baker and I will be happy to come and watch you break him on the rack."

"How could I?"

Mr. Baker regarded Elaine closely and smiled. "Enact a non-U wife tonight. The villain will die a thousand deaths, seeing his hopes go down the drain. We'll probe him to his unpleasant depths, reveal him for what he is, and then expose the plot. It will be a good lesson to him."

"Oh, no," Elaine said. "I used to like the heel."

"Remember, we are doing it for the heel's own future welfare. He must be taught the folly of playing fast and loose with fine young women and the truth. In addition, we'd better show him up completely in order to cure you of the infatuation."

"Look, who said I was infatuated?"

"I did," Mr. Baker said, looking every inch the executive.

"Oh," Elaine said. "Yes. I need help, all right. Well, I'll see what I can do."

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ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



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for
tired
aching
legs

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Home, sour home

TODAY houses are not homes but showplaces. Women who polish and vacuum all day make me sick. Surely husbands would rather come home to a cosy lounge with big floppy cushions on which to rest their weary heads than to shining, don't-touch atmospheres. It'd be better all round if women tried to make their homes comfortable instead of like museums. I've visited houses where the mother is constantly reprimanding her children for touching this or untidy that. At home I let my children play happily when inside. It seems material possessions are becoming more important than people.

£1/1/- to "Old Fashioned" (name supplied), Seaford, Vic.

Poor judgment

HOW many mothers would admit making mistakes—in "picking" husbands for daughters? Mum was against my marrying my boy-friend eight years ago. But he is a good husband and a wonderful father and she is now fond of him. She also changed her mind about my sister's husband, who is rather mean and made Sis unhappy. Mum advised Sis to marry him and now cannot forgive herself.

£1/1/- to "Glad-I-Married-Him" (name supplied), Clapham, S.A.

Public prejudice

AS a nursing trainee it amazes me that the general public has such a poor opinion of nurses. Do people think that because we nurses see such a lot of life at its worst we ourselves belong to that category? Men—in particular—consider all nurses rough and cheap. Such an opinion is upsetting and degrading. People should realise there is good and bad in every sphere of life.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Boldeman, Brisbane.

Lucky number

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago I took tickets in two raffles—for a box of chocolates and a bedjacket—and won both on the same day with tickets numbered 33. I've been taking tickets ever since, but won nothing—until last month I won a Christmas hamper with ticket number 33.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Waters, Karuah, N.S.W.

So low solo

THE other day my three-year-old sister was singing quietly to herself. When asked what she was singing she replied, "I don't know. It's too soft for me to hear."

£1/1/- to S. Cooper, Ingham, Qld.

A Royal name

EIGHT years ago we named our son Linley David, not thinking for a moment that Princess Margaret's first child would also carry those names. I think the name is rather rare and would be interested to know if there are any other children in Australia similarly named.

£1/1/- to "Curious" (name supplied), Camberwell, Vic.

Big families

I WAS amazed to see that you—one of a family of 11—could be so selfish, "Badly Done By" (N.S.W.). You claim that parents who have large families are selfish because each birth lessens the chance of smart clothes, a good education, and other necessities, and that when partly orphaned, as you are, it's unfair to be burdened with the bringing up of littles... The eldest of seven, I've welcomed each new baby and the new love they bring. I'd consider it a privilege to look after them should anything happen to my parents.

£1/1/- to D. T. Berry, Elizabeth Park, S.A.

IN family planning, as in other things, moderation is the best course. As an only child, I feel no fewer than four children is a family and that lack of material things is more than compensated for by shared fun. But more than five or six children are impossible financial burdens.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. G. Hoch, Alpha, Qld.

THE youngest of 12, a part orphan, and sorry for myself because my friends had more attention and money, I left home at 18. At 20 I returned with money and man trouble. Every member of my family showed me such kindness and generosity I'll never stop being grateful for being born into a big family.

£1/1/- to "Baby F." (name supplied), Sth. Guildford, W.A.

IF the Lord saw fit for me to have a large family they'd be more than welcome in our home—and I'm not married to a millionaire.

£1/1/- to "Childless" (name supplied), Hobart.

IT'S time you grew up, "Badly Done By," and realised that large families are mostly not planned for—that each little "accident" must have its share in family affairs and family love.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Volling, Marmor, Qld.

WITH my experience as a teacher and mother of five sons and four stepsons I'm quite certain that, generally, members of large families are better adjusted, happier, more loyal, and make finer citizens than those of very small families. Education to tertiary standard is available free for those who work for it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Bloomer, Drouin, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

AFTER the Christmas eating season I was feeling weary and ill at ease.

What, I wondered, had done most to put me in this state? How could one avoid it next time?

After some serious thought, I came to the conclusion that an important cause of the trouble was purely and simply nuts.

I have the misfortune to be a compulsive nut-eater. If a bowl of nuts is placed near me I don't eat just a couple, as well-mannered people should (but rarely do). I go on and on and on eating nuts.

It happened at a series of parties during the festive period. I have never seen so many nuts about before.

Hosts and hostesses persisted in leaving them on little tables beside me. No doubt they thought they were being kind. But it was much the same as leaving a bottle of

NUTS ABOUT NUTS

whisky beside a problem drinker or placing some jewels within handy reach of a kleptomaniac.

Now and then, overcome by guilt, I would get up and hand the nuts round. My hostess said: "It's very nice of you to hand round the nuts. Why don't you have some yourself?" Whereupon I started all over again.

By the time the main meal began I was heavily handicapped. I felt like an outsider carrying the top weight in the Melbourne Cup.

On Christmas Day some friends asked us in and placed at my elbow a bowl of smoked almonds — perhaps the most tempting of all nuts. Then we went to Auntie Nan's for Christmas dinner, and she served nuts after the meal. At the end of the day I could not help remembering the name of a shop I saw somewhere — "Chock Full o' Nuts."

I was not the only one, either. When Christmas party snacks were being handed round, I did not see anybody, young or old, say no to the nuts.

Little Amber Mae Fangley, who is 9, took so many handfuls of peanuts that I expressed surprise to her mother (I was afraid the peanuts would run out).

"Amber Mae loves nuts," she said. "She asked us to give her a pound of them for Christmas. She ate them all just before she came here."

It is too much to expect addicts like myself to cut out nuts altogether and form a society called Peanuts Anonymous. But partygivers could help by making the nuts harder to get.

My advice to hostesses is: keep the nuts moving. Don't let them idle beside some poor fellow who can't help helping himself. While to guests I would say simply: try not to make a bolt for the nuts.



Mr. Wheeler's venture
required ready cash . . .
a short short story

By ROBERT
ZACKS

Play it safe

HE rented a small apartment in our new Miami estate development overlooking the beach and emerald-green ocean. That's how I first met Mr. Wheeler. When I looked up from my desk in the rental office there he stood — gnarled, sturdy, dressed in hot-looking northern collar and tie, jacket matching his trousers — and I wondered if he could afford our stiffish season rentals.

"Like to rent a place," he said. From his voice I placed him from Maine, New Hampshire, or thereabouts.

He must have read my mind, for, as he started taking out credentials from his wallet, he casually let the edge of a thick wad of bills become visible.

"Why, sure," I said, getting up cordially. "Just for you?"

"Just for me," he said softly. His face saddened for a moment as if remembering somebody. "I'm retired now and alone. A widower."

I found out more as I showed the apartments, and he selected a corner one that avoided the direct sun and got the balmy breezes. He'd been a farmer, worked hard for a lifetime, and would have kept it up until he dropped in his tracks, but the doctor said no.

"My heart," said Mr. Wheeler ruefully, a touch of amazement in his voice as if he still found it incredible. "Well, it'll get a good rest here. During this winter season I'll shop around for a small house and maybe settle here for good. How much is this place?"

I told him the price. One thousand dollars and he could stay the whole winter and up to the end of May if he wished. He nodded, pulled the wallet out and paid me. With a single bill. A thousand-dollar bill.

"My gosh!" I said after a quick glance at his delighted grin.

"I got thirty of them here," he said proudly. "My life savings and the money from selling the farm."

"Well, if I were you," I said, "I wouldn't keep it there, Mr. Wheeler. Get it to a bank, fast."

He was still staring at the money. "Sure," he said absently.

We signed the lease and I arranged for linen and gave Mr. Wheeler all the information he requested.

"And where's the place where the dogs race? The greyhounds?"

He had a shine in his eyes and, even though it was none of my business, my heart sank. I opened my mouth to tell him and the words just wouldn't

come out. It was like throwing a nice old guy to the sharks.

"I'll take you down there myself next time I go," I said.

"I'd appreciate that," he said happily.

Well, if there's one thing that gets around fast, it's news of big money. The bookkeeper had to deposit the bill immediately, and within twenty-four hours all the chambermaids, the doorman, the cigar-store man a block away on Collins Avenue, and heavens knows who else knew about Mr. Wheeler.

Then a week later I heard he'd gone to the dog track without me, and I dropped in on him, feeling somewhat worried. I was stunned to see a batch of thousand-dollar bills lying on the bed carelessly.

"Mr. Wheeler," I said, "you better not wait too long to deposit this money."

"I'm not depositing it," he said. "Got some big deals on and I can make a quicker buy with cash. Golly, when they see them big bills it knocks them cold."

"Mr. Wheeler," I pleaded. "Miami attracts a lot of crooks because so many rich people come here."

"I guess," he said dryly, "I can take care of myself."

"Look, Mr. Wheeler," I said. "At least buy a safe. You can get a good one at a reasonable price. And then when you don't need it any more they'll take it back at a slightly lower price."

He looked amused. "You seem upset, son," he said.

I nearly lost my temper. "That's inviting trouble," I said, pointing to the money on the bed.

"Maybe you're right," he said agreeably. "O.K., have them bring the safe in, if it isn't too expensive a deal."

It wasn't. The safe was quite small, almost a miniature, and the company agreed to a straight rental by the month, plus delivery and taking-back charges.

Afterward, Mr. Wheeler came downstairs and poked his head into my office. "I'm going to the dog track," he said, his eyes bright. "Care to join me?"

"Sure," I said a bit grimly, "provided you aren't carrying all that money around."

He chuckled. "Oh, no, not now that I have the safe," he said.

I wanted to go with him because I wanted to protect the old fellow. I felt an affection for him. If there's one thing that can take a man's life savings fast it's gambling. And I was

quite pleased with myself, because I'd got things moving along in pathways safe for Mr. Wheeler.

"How much have you got with you?" I said somewhat boldly.

"Oh, plenty," he assured me. "About six hundred dollars."

I winced as he grinned happily at me. That money of his wouldn't last long, I could see that.

He went down to the foot of Collins Avenue and into the dog track, paying out thirty-five cents general admission and stopping to buy the racing sheets that list the dogs and their previous wins and losses. We crowded to a rail position and the races began. We watched the dogs flash by with their enormous leaps and thin, long racing bodies as they chased Rusty, the mechanical rabbit.

Mr. Wheeler's eyes were shining, his hands trembling as we watched three races without betting. Then he began to push away, excitement in his face. "I'll be back soon," he called.

"Wait a minute," I said, chasing after him. "I'll go along."

I didn't know how I was going to stop him, now that I thought of it. It was none of my business, really. And I felt quite sick and helpless at the way he was in the grip, apparently, of a fever of determination. What was he going to bet, a hundred dollars? Three hundred?

"Which one are you interested in?" I said. "Which dog?"

"The black one," he said. "Number seven. It was a forty to one, long shot."

"Oh, no," I yelled. "He hasn't run a winning race in three years—"

I stopped. It occurred to me that the dog had already run. Mr. Wheeler was staring at me, nodding agreement. "I know," he said. "He's a steady loser. I love dogs. I want an old dog that's tired of racing and just wants to rest and enjoy life, like me."

"Oh," I said. "We made the deal for the dog and went home. When we got there we saw police cars and a mob around the door."

"Oh, my gosh!" I moaned, with a quick look at Mr. Wheeler.

I dashed upstairs and paused, speechless, at Mr. Wheeler's doorway. Around the blown-open safe door (nitro, the cops said) were the piled blankets that had muffled the blast. The metal box that had been inside the safe was gone.

Mr. Wheeler peered over my shoulder. "By golly," he said, "that sure was a bright idea of yours, all right."

"Huh?" I said, brilliantly.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "That safe was just the distraction they needed. That's how a simple crooked mind works. If there's a safe around, then naturally the money would be kept in it. Only," he chuckled, "I kept the money where I have all my life."

As we watched in fascination, Mr. Wheeler went to the kitchen table and took the cover off the sugar-bowl. Grinning, he took out the wad of bills. "Maybe I'd better take this to the bank, now," he said.

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Sardine Rice Salad

2 (3½ oz.) cans Norway sardines, drained; 2 cups cold cooked rice; 1 cup thinly sliced celery; 3 green onions, thinly sliced; ¼ cup chopped green pepper; 2 tablespoons chopped pimento; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; ½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing; salt; pepper; salad greens. Combine the rice, celery, onions, green pepper, pimento and lemon juice. Add the mayonnaise or salad dressing and toss until well blended. Season to taste. Serve on crisp greens, decorate with sardines. 4 to 6 servings.



Sardine-Stuffed Eggs

1 (3½ oz.) can Norway Sardines, drained; 6 hard-boiled eggs; 6 ripe olives, chopped; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; salt; pepper; paprika; mayonnaise or salad dressing; watercress or lettuce. Mash the sardines with a fork. Cut the eggs in half lengthwise, remove the yolks and mash. Add the sardines. Mix with the olives, lemon juice, seasonings, and mayonnaise or salad dressing to moisten. Refill the egg whites, and serve them on crisp watercress or in small lettuce cups. 6 servings.



De legger oss tett i Norgel
In Norway they pack us in!



Sardine and Tomato Salad

1 (3½ oz.) can Norway sardines, drained; 2 tomatoes, peeled; ¼ cup diced celery; watercress; ½ unpeeled cucumber, sliced; French dressing. Cut the tomatoes in half crosswise, place each half in a crisp lettuce cup. On each tomato-half place three whole sardines, some diced celery and a crisp sprig of watercress. Garnish with cucumber slices and serve the salad with French dressing. 4 servings.

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Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Cannery Association. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines.

INSIST... INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES

The Pale Horse

Instalment six of our murder mystery serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE



"I am interested in your theory of power over the mind," Mark told Mr. Venables.

FOLLOWING the murder of FATHER GORMAN, after he had visited a dying woman, MRS. DAVIS, the police had been investigating a list of names he had been carrying. I, MARK EASTERBROOK, had seen this list when I had met JIM CORRIGAN, a police surgeon and an old friend of mine. Three of the names on the list were familiar to me—HESKETH-DUBOIS, TUCKERTON, and DELAFONTINE. They were all names I had recently known to be connected with what appeared to be natural deaths.

Corrigan mentioned something to do with "wickedness" and a horse, and I was reminded that POPPY, a girl I had met at a party, had spoken of The Pale Horse as a place where murderers could be hired. By coincidence, my cousin RHODA DESPARD had taken me to an old converted inn called The Pale Horse, in Much Deeping, and there I had met THYRZA GREY, SYBIL STAMFORDIS, and their cook, BELLA.

In the meantime INSPECTOR LEJEUNE had in-

terviewed MR. OSBORNE, the only witness to a man who had followed the priest the night of the murder. Later Osborne had written saying he had seen the man again at Much Deeping, and that he was known as MR. VENABLES. This proved to be a neighbor of Rhoda, but it was unlikely he was the murderer as he had been crippled for years.

I was suspicious of the three women at the inn, and asked GINGER CORRIGAN to help me. She went to see Poppy and found out a MR. BURNLEY was the man to approach. I visited him and discovered he was ready to lay bets on certain people's life expectancy and that he worked with Thyrsa. It was after this Ginger posed as my wife, and I pretended to arrange with Burnley to have her removed. I had to then attend a seance with the three women at The Pale Horse—a terrifying experience with Sybil in a trance, Bella chanting and killing a white cockerel, and Thyrsa manipulating a mysterious electric contraption. NOW READ ON:

NEXT morning at breakfast Rhoda eagerly demanded: "Well, what was the seance like, Mark?"

"Oh, the usual stuff," I said nonchalantly.

I was uneasily conscious of Despard's eye on me. A perceptive man.

"Pentagrams drawn on the floor?"

"Lots of them."

"Any white cocks?"

"Naturally. That was Bella's part of the fun and games."

"And trances and things?"

"As you say, trances and things."

Rhoda looked disappointed.

"You seem to have found it rather dull," she said in an aggrieved voice.

I said that these things were all much of a muchness. At any rate, I'd satisfied my curiosity.

Later, when Rhoda had departed to the kitchen, Despard said to me: "Shook you up a bit, didn't it?"

"Well—"

I was anxious to make light of the whole thing, but Despard was not an easy man to deceive.

I said slowly, "It was—in a way—rather beastly."

He nodded.

"One doesn't really believe in it," said Despard. "Not with one's reasoning mind—but these things have their effect. I've seen a good deal of it in East Africa. The witch-doctors there have a terrific hold on the people, and one has to admit that odd things happen which can't be explained in any rational manner."

"Deaths?"

"Oh, yes. If a man knows he's been marked down to die, he dies."

"The power of suggestion, I suppose."

"Presumably."

"But that doesn't quite satisfy you?"

"No—not quite. There are cases difficult of explanation by any of our glib Western scientific theories. The stuff doesn't usually work on Europeans—(though I have known cases). But if the belief is there in your blood—you've had it!" He left it there.

I said thoughtfully: "I agree with you that one can't be too didactic. Odd things happen even in this country. I was at a hospital one day in London. A girl had come in—neurotic subject, complaining of terrible pain in bones, arm, etc. Nothing to account for it. They suspected she was a victim of hysteria. Doctor told her cure could be effected by a red-hot rod being drawn down the arm. Would she agree to try it: she did."

"The girl turned her head away and screwed up her eyes. The doctor dipped a glass rod in cold water and drew it

down the inside of her arm. The girl screamed with agony. He said, 'You'll be all right now.' She said, 'I expect so, but it was awful. It burnt.' The queer thing to me was not that she believed that she had been burnt but that her arm actually was burnt. The flesh was actually blistered everywhere the rod had touched it."

"Was she cured?" Despard asked curiously.

"Oh, yes. The neuritis, or whatever it was, never reappeared. She had to be treated for the burnt arm, though."

"Extraordinary," said Despard. "It goes to show, doesn't it?"

"The doctor was startled himself."

"I bet he was . . ." He looked at me curiously.

"Why were you really so keen to go to that seance last night?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Those three women intrigue me. I wanted to see what sort of show they would put up."

Despard said no more. I don't think he believed me. As I have said, he was a perceptive man.

Presently I went along to the vicarage. The door was open, but there seemed to be no one in the house.

I went to the little room where the telephone was and rang up Ginger.

It seemed an eternity before I heard her voice.

"Hallo!"

"Ginger!"

"Oh, it's you. What happened?"

"You're all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be?"

Waves of relief swept over me.

There was nothing wrong with Ginger; the familiar challenge of her manner did me a world of good. How could I ever have believed that a lot of mumbo-jumbo could hurt so normal a creature as Ginger?

"I just thought you might have had bad dreams or something," I said rather lamely.

"Well, I didn't. I expected to have, but all that happened was that I kept waking up and wondering if I felt anything peculiar happening to me. I really felt almost indignant because nothing did happen to me."

I laughed.

"But go on—tell me," said Ginger. "What's it all about?"

"Nothing much out of the ordinary. Sybil lay on a purple couch and went into a trance."

Ginger gave a spurt of laughter.

"Did she? How wonderful! Sounds most appropriate and Sybil-like. What did Bella do?"

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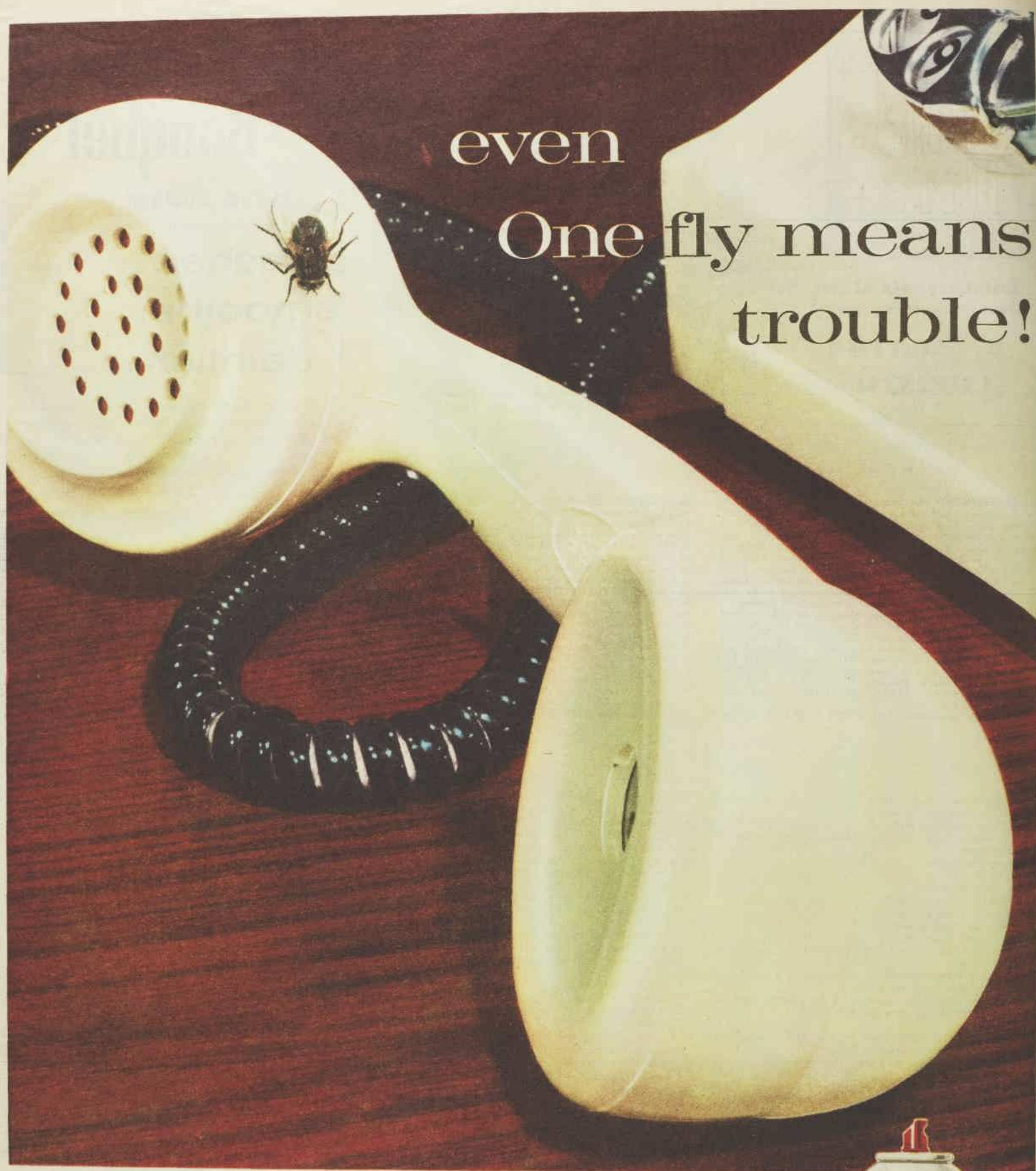
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Page 27




even

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ST315/61

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jot down a list of
the measurements...*

When you buy clothes for the children

● You don't always need to have the children trailing along when you make the annual school-holiday trek to the stores to replenish their wardrobes. You can leave them behind to enjoy themselves — if you have with you a detailed note of their measurements, plus a tape-measure, and a carefully considered list of what you have to buy.

DON'T make your plan a few hours before you leave the house. Preparation for economical and practical clothes-buying can start long before, by watching newspapers and magazines for news of improvements, new materials, and new styles in children's wear.

But a golden rule is to avoid fads. Children look best in clothes designed for them, not adapted from high-style adult lines.

Examine your child's existing wardrobe well in advance for items that can be handed down to younger children, renewed by letting down hemlines and waistlines, replacing the elastic, or by carefully mending.

There need be only one exception to the rule about leaving the children at home—that is when you're buying shoes.

Here's how to take your child's measurements:

Head Size: Taken at level of an Indian headband, around forehead and fullest part of the back of the head.

Neck Size: Where a collar seam sits.

Shoulder Width: At back, from shoulder-tip to shoulder-tip.

Chest Size: The largest measurement, taken just below the armpits.

Waist Size: With the child standing erect but relaxed.

Arm Length: Shoulder-tip to wrist.

Hip Size: Largest measurement around the buttocks.

Leg Length: From groin to ankle.

Hand Size: Around knuckles where they are biggest, and

from wrist to middle-finger tip.

Skirt Length for Girls: From waistline to desired hemline point.

It is easy enough to take your child's measurements correctly, but not so easy to match these measurements with the labels inside the clothes on the stores' racks.

Labels may be confusing

Some manufacturers label clothes in age groups, some by measurements, some have number systems of their own which seem incomprehensible to sales assistant and customer alike.

The Australian Standards Association has devised a system of labelling by ages, but so far many manufacturers have not fallen into line with the A.S.A.'s suggestions.

However, many retail buyers are insisting that their wholesale manufacturers conform to a set standard, and a customer seeing, for instance, a garment labelled "AS 10" will know that this is an Australian Standards Association labelling for a ten-year-old child.

Stores report that most customers buying children's clothes ask for them by age rather than measurements, but

until some uniformity is achieved among manufacturers the only sure way is to take a tape-measure to the store, pick out a garment in your child's age group, and check his size against every dimension of the garment.

Store buyers report that the difficulty of sizing by ages arises when a girl reaches her sub-teens.

A 12-year-old girl, developing much faster than her sister did a few years ago, may need a 14-year-old's sizing. Fortunately, girls taking these special sizes are old enough to be taken to the store to be correctly fitted.

In any case, clothes should be bought roomy enough to be comfortable on the wearer for a full season.

You can expect a gain of one or two inches in height, two to four pounds in weight in six months to a year.

Sales can be a useful medium for restocking children's wardrobes, but take great care with your sales purchases.

Many stores offer genuine bargains in clearances of discontinued lines and end-of-season stock (usually winter clothes in July and August, summer wear in January and February).

Manufacturers' off-season production clearances may be

good buys or they may include items that are of poorer quality than usual.

As a guiding rule, moderate-price clothing is likely to be your best buy in regular stock lines.

Low prices usually mean poor wearing quality. High prices are likely to cover luxurious details and decoration, to be avoided if your pocket can't manage it — also if clothes are not to be too fussy.

Don't buy children's clothes on outside appearance. Turn them inside-out for quality of workmanship.

Seams should be half an inch at least from stitching to the cut edge. Seams on play clothes, nightwear, and underwear should be double-stitched.

Pull (gently) on seams

Check for closeness of stitching — 15 stitches to the inch, or closer, gives a sturdy seam.

Pull on seams gently to make sure the thread isn't too tight. If the garment is shorter at the seam than elsewhere, the stitching is too tight and it will break easily.

Stitching around buttonholes should be so close you cannot see the fabric between the thread.

Buttonhole stitching should be about a quarter of an inch on heavy clothes to not less than an eighth of an inch on cotton playthings.

Sloppy stitching — for instance, fabric folded back under a seam — is a sure sign of poor workmanship.

The big fabric question: Will it wash and iron easily?

A label marked "washable" may apply only to one fabric used in the garment. Outside, lining, interlining, and trim should all wash.

And intricate inserts, facings, and linings may make easy ironing impossible.

Buy only those knitted garments which you know, from experience, will retain their shape, or those that are guaranteed by the manufacturer not to shrink or stretch.

The more expensive plastic-coated fabric may be a better raincoat buy than the light, inexpensive plastic, which tears easily. Water-repellent fabric rainwear will not keep a child dry in a downpour or a continuous drizzle.

Caps and hats should be carefully measured.

Neck openings must be large enough to admit a child's head without stretching or tightness. Lapped shoulders, button-up shoulders, or other openings are essential on necklines.

Elastic at wrists, legs, and ankles should not have to be stretched to fit. Where elastic holds a garment at the waist, an inch or less is sufficient stretch for ordinary quarter-inch elastic.

Elastic that runs through a casing is easier to renew than elastic stitched in place.

All school clothes need roomy pockets for carrying handkerchiefs or tissues.

Small boy, big buckle

Adjustable shoulder-straps are a must until children develop waistlines. Straps made with a slip-through loop at the back will stay up on the shoulders.

Button-on straps should have the button on the strap itself, the buttonhole on the waistband for easy adjusting.

Stretch socks are best bought in the range that has your child's size among the smaller sizes recommended.

The smaller the child the larger should be the fastenings he uses. Slide fasteners should be clear of fabric that might catch in them and prevent closing or opening.

Front fastenings are easy for a child to handle, and buckles on shoes are easier to fasten than laces.





"COMO," South Yarra (above) a charming example of early Georgian architecture and of the stately homes of Melbourne in the early days. Standing high above the Yarra's south bank, the mansion is built of brick faced with stucco. The roof is of Welsh slate.



THE CHANDELIER and most of the furnishings in the elegant drawing-room came from the Paris Exposition of 1879. The lovely olive-wood desk in the window embrasure belonged to the grandmother of Charles Henry Armytage, who purchased "Como" in 1864.

IN THE BALLROOM (right) the rich gold window pelmets are the ones brought to Australia in 1853 by George Armytage, grandfather of Charles Henry Armytage. An 18th-century design chandelier is a feature of this room, in which as many as 400 attended balls.

Pictures by staff photographer Jonathan Eveitt.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 17, 1962

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



**CANDY HARDY
PATTERNS
FOR SUMMER
—pages 6, 7**

LETTERS

University "wasted" on girls

I AM a girl with higher academic possibilities than my elder brother, but my father intends to give him and a younger brother priority over me in going to university.

My father is aware of my intelligence, but his argument is that girls "only get married" and a university education would be wasted. I say that if I attain the goal I have set myself I could continue my occupation after being married.

Don't get me wrong—I love my father and think he is very generous. But in this age girls have equalled boys in many respects and should be given the same opportunities as boys to prove their ability.

My mother sees my point of view, but Dad says that she is not qualified to comment as she had no brothers with whom to compete.

We live 2000 miles from the nearest university, and I realise the difficulties to pay expenses to send my brother and me to university, but I still think I should be allowed to go. I would be prepared to help pay expenses by saving my pocket-money each week for the next couple of years.

What are other teenagers' views on the subject?—*"Suffragette."*

Life of work

MARGARET STOCKDALE, who urged people to stay on at school to do the Leaving so they could earn more money in later life (T.W., 13/12/61), seems to think that money is everything.

I maintain that money is good to have but does not buy happiness and enjoyment of life.

Those with the Leaving often go on to the university. They hardly have any leisure time and their conversation is limited practically to their study.

They don't have the opportunity and time to meet people and see life fully. Then they get married and find that their whole life was spent in work.

Don't we girls deserve a time when we can stop, look, and listen, learn and enjoy before

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

we settle down to being wives and mothers?

I left school after Intermediate, went to an excellent business college, and now, at 19, have a good job with an advertising agency. I earn enough to spend with a little to save.

I have had a fantastic social life and met the nicest people. I go to most balls and parties, read the latest novels, belong to clubs, keep up with current affairs, collect classical records, and play the piano.

I hate to think that I could have spent all those years in school, hating every minute of it. — *Dorothy Barnes, Roseville, N.S.W.*

Licences at 14

BOYS on farms such as myself should be allowed special driving licences from the age of 14. There are quite a few boys around this district who can handle a tractor and car better than a lot of city people.

There are times when we may need something in town, but cannot go in to get it because we do not hold a licence. — *Graham Lawn, Minyip, Vic.*

Cosmetics for boys

WHY do boys consider cosmetics to be for girls only? My brother tried not to appear disgusted when I gave him a tin of men's talcum powder as a Christmas present, but despite his poorly concealed scorn he has used it continually.

Many boys fear they will be regarded as effeminate if they use talcum powder and deodorants, but they are foolish, for girls appreciate cleanliness in boys. — *"Fragrance," North Essendon, Vic.*

Too young

AFTER obtaining the Intermediate Certificate and spending a year at business college—where I obtained high speeds in shorthand and typing—I am unable to find a position as a junior stenographer. Why? Because I am only 15.

Prospective employers look at me as if they think I should still be holding on to mother's skirt, and say, "Well, we did want someone a bit older." No one will give me a chance to prove myself.

How many other 15-year-olds are in the same position?—*Sandra Campbell, Leichhardt, N.S.W.*

Letters censored

I ONCE received a love-letter from a boy who lived near us. My mother and father opened it and read it. When they picked me up from school they handed it to me and dictated a letter for me to write to him, telling him not to write again.

They read all the letters I write before I post them and read all my letters when I get them. Is this fair—and is it usual? — *"Makes Me Mad," Terang, Vic.*

Boy cook

WHY don't more boys like cooking? Is it that they are afraid of being called a sissy? I enjoy cooking to let off steam. Cooking teaches a gentle hand and you feel a sense of achievement when the cake is a success.

I've cooked for the family when Mum's been sick and still had time for competition tennis, yachting, golf, swimming, and water-skiing. I've no ambition to be a chef, but just to be able to look after myself.—*Ray Gil-martin, Stawell, Vic.*

BEATNIK



"Oh, I haven't given up the old life completely."

Baby-sitting

I OFTEN baby-sit on Saturday nights and usually charge 5/- a night, but get offered more. Should I take this extra money? What can I do to keep the children occupied? I start them on one thing but they soon become tired and restless and refuse to go to bed. Any suggestions?—*Gloria Rudd, Collie, W.A.*

Wot, no taxi?

I'M still a student and cannot afford to buy, let alone run, a car. Taxi fares are rather high. I've heard girls complain, "I went out with so-and-so last night and we had to come home on a tram." Do all girls think it is "cheap" or "embarrassing" to be taken to and from a date on a tram, bus, or train? — *"Curious," Bendigo, Vic.*

WHAT IS LOVE?

● "What is love?" asked "School Joke" (T.W., 6/12/61). Her friend said love was just a tickle you get around the heart which can't be scratched. Here are some readers' definitions.

LOVE is that warm feeling of joy, happiness, security, and friendliness that surges within you and makes you feel that life is the most wonderful thing. — *"Melinda Jane," Lockleys, S.A.*

HAVE you ever heard the song "Love Is a Silver Ring, Love Is a Simple Thing?" — *"That's Love," Hillston, N.S.W.*

LOVE is a wonderful, complete, fulfilling experience, well worth waiting for. Love will come, so don't rush it. — *(Mrs.) J. Hawkins, Cum-nock, N.S.W.*

LOVE is a deep and mutual affection, friendship, and respect, based on kinship of character. — *Raylene Gleeson, The Entrance, N.S.W.*

THIS is Henry van Dyke's definition: "Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire — oh, no, love is not that — it is goodness, and honor, and peace, and pure living." — *Jenny Scott, Casterton, Vic.*

I LIKE this quotation best: "Love is a passion which endureth, which neither time nor absence cureth, which no earthly thing can sever, love is a light that shines forever." — *Alice Beck, Margaret River, W.A.*

LOVE is a feeling, a very funny feeling, a feeling that you've never felt before, a feeling that you feel when you feel you want to feel a feeling that you'll feel forever more. — *N. J. Campbell, Silkstone, Qld.*

(Many other readers sent in this definition. Miss Camp-

bell's was the first one we opened. — Ed.)

LOVE is that feeling that no one can explain. It is a wonderful feeling and you wish that you could go on forever. "Love" is something no one should be without. — *Susie Medcal, Tamworth, N.S.W.*

A daughter asks her father

● I recently read this letter a daughter wrote to her father and his reply. I think it is a wonderful answer to the question.—*J. R., Stanmore, N.S.W.*

DEAR FATHER,

I know a boy who is tall, nice tall, so handsome — and he has the loveliest eyes. I like being with him because he makes me feel important and wanted. He takes notice of all I do.

When he is concentrating he has two little creases in his forehead. Occasionally his hair falls across his forehead, giving him a little-lost-boy look which I like so much.

When he smiles my heart leaps and a warm feeling spreads through my body, engrossing me from head to toes.

When he holds me I feel as if nothing in this world could hurt me, and when he kisses me everything fades in a small cloud of magic enchant-

ment which we are the centre of.

When he speaks to me he speaks in such a funny soft tone of voice which he doesn't use for anybody else as if no one else were there to listen besides myself.

Just tell me, Father, is this love?

DEAR DAUGHTER,

You know what love is in every form. When your own child writes to you and tells you the things you have told me, then you will be able to feel the pride I have that my child has so much confidence in me to be able to pull her heart to pieces and put it on paper and ask for my advice.

Yes, dear, you know what love is, and may it last forever.

Next week

"SOMETHING Different in Fashion" is our main color feature next week, showing novel and chic ideas of girls with a flair for the unusual. Our pin-up will be the De Kroo Brothers, and there'll be a special feature on road safety for teenagers.

Boy builds own pool

By Mildred Eden

● The thought of a holiday at the beach this summer just couldn't interest 17-year-old Fergus Johnston.

HE is quite happy to relax in his own backyard and enjoy the result of his labor—a luxurious swimming-pool which he built himself with pick and shovel.

Although his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Johnston, and his older brother John, who live at St. Lucia, Brisbane, encouraged this ambitious project and supplied the materials together with loads of advice, Fergus was his own engineer, surveyor, and contractor.

The only help he had on the job was from his schoolfriend Ian Aitchison.

You might expect the results to be a modest wading-pool — no such thing! The pool measures 37ft. 6in. by 17ft. and is 3ft. deep at one end and 5ft. 9in. at the other.

After the thought became firmly fixed in his mind, Fergus set to work. He even drew up the designs himself, scorning the family's suggestions to get professional assistance.

Pick and shovel

In fact, the only thing that stopped him making it a complete do-it-yourself job was the law! An electrician and a plumber had to be called in during the final stages.



The total cost of the pool, apart from the boys' labor, was about £600.

While Fergus and Ian laze in the water on a hot day, they chuckle over some of the troubles they encountered.

"We did all the digging the hard way — with pick and shovel," Fergus said. "There was no way we could get a bulldozer into the place."

"The worst days were when it rained in the afternoons. After we had dug from early morning — we estimated that we removed about 200 tons of clay altogether — the rain would wash a lot of it back."

"And after heavy rain we would have a swimming-pool before we wanted it!"

Concrete lining

When the hole had been dug to the right dimensions the boys reinforced the bottom and sides with concrete and finished the job neatly with a lining of plaster.

"It was just a matter of trial and error to get the plaster to the right consistency," Fergus said.

Sounds easy. Well, it took Fergus about 18 months to complete, working in his weekends and holidays and after

school whenever he wasn't practising in the school's rowing team.

A student at the Brisbane Boys' College, rowing was his only other interest during the pool's construction.

Filter plant, too

The pool is ideally situated in the terraced gardens of the Johnstons' home, overlooking a gully and woodland reserve, which gives them complete privacy.

The terracing, by the way, is also Fergus' handiwork, and a smart brick barbecue, which he designed and built, completes the perfect outdoor holiday setting.

For someone who has never had lessons in building construction, this is all quite an achievement. Most of his knowledge was gained from books.

He also designed and built his own filter plant for the pool. "I studied the principles of water flow, etc., and then went ahead and adapted them in my own way," he said.

Family and friends are not surprised when Fergus Johnston says his future is "a toss-up between engineering and architecture."

THE SWIMMING-POOL, 37ft. 6in. long, which 17-year-old Fergus Johnston designed and built in the grounds of his parents' home in Brisbane. Above, Fergus enjoys a dip after finishing the long job; below, he is splashed by his cousins Nerida (left) and Fiona Mackey. Watching are his mother and Ian Aitchison.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 17, 1962

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS

GIRLS MAKE FLOWERS THEIR CAREER

By Penny Ford

● "Nobody ever thinks to give us flowers," said Sydney teenagers Margaret Holloway and Robyn Cochrane mournfully.

BUT it's no wonder. Robyn and Margaret are "junior wireers" in the workshop of a large Sydney florist — and for a special date they can whip up a professional-looking spray in a matter of minutes.

Wiring — a job needing patience and skill — is all part of the five-year training to be a florist.

Robyn, who is 17, and 16-year-old Margaret started working at the same time after passing their Intermediate.

"We ran messages for the first year," said Robyn. "Then we were transferred to the workshop."

And they've been there for about 12 months. Their promotion was not automatic — only girls who show enough interest and improvement are given the chance to be full-blown florists.

"We've just completed the first year of a two-year tech. course," said Margaret. "There we have learnt how to wire flowers and make wreaths. In second year we will make bouquets and generally improve on the first year's work."

Blending colors

Robyn wired a carnation to show me how it's done. She snapped the bloom off the stem, leaving a very short stalk, selected wire of the right thickness (there are six), and with a deft movement twisted it round the stalk.

They also learn how to bind crepe paper round the prepared wire-and-straw wreath bases, arrange the greenery on the outside, and fill the centre with flowers.

"One of the things we're taught at tech. is to choose colors that blend," Robyn added.

Classes are one night a week for three hours.

After they've passed their Commercial Floristry course, Robyn and Margaret will be qualified florists but still juniors. They will know all the work the seniors do, but there are still years of practice to come.

"It will probably be three or four years more before we'll be seniors," Robyn said. Again, promotion depends entirely on the girl's work. "Maybe when I'm 21 or 22," she added hopefully.

But a girl who has done the whole training is supposed to have the confidence and ability to open a shop on her own.

Meanwhile, as junior wireers, Margaret and Robyn do a bit of everything.

"We start at 8 a.m. and finish at 4.20, with work on Saturday morning and one

afternoon off a week," Robyn said.

"In the morning we wire flowers for wreaths and bouquets. When that's finished, after lunch, we do all the odd jobs, like sweeping the floor, emptying buckets, and tidying up."

"Then we wire the greenery ready for the next morning — this saves a lot of time, for the mornings are busiest."

Margaret added: "There is

never a dull moment. Even though we work with flowers all the time, it's never boring. Each wreath or bouquet is different."

Neither Robyn nor Margaret ever thought of following any other career. "I've always wanted to be a florist," said Robyn. "I used to fiddle around and arrange flowers whenever my mother went out."

The girls are paid under the N.S.W. Shop Assistants' Award. Robyn clears about £8/10/- each week, and Margaret, at 16, is paid £7/7/-.

Pay up to £18

When the girls turn 21 the award wages will be £13/14/-, but if a florist is good she might be paid up to £18.

There is a minor hazard attached to florists' work. Fingers get cut and scratched from thorns and wire.

"It's awfully hard to keep my hands looking nice," Margaret said. "I rub my fingers every night with lemon, but they're still covered with cuts and scratches."

"My boy-friend doesn't mind," added Robyn. "He says that at least my hands show I do some work."

Robyn, who lives in the Sydney suburb of Banksia with her family, is planning to become engaged on her 19th birthday.

Apart from dates with her boy-friend, she spends most of

ROBYN COCHRANE trims the ribbon of a dainty posy of mixed flowers.

MARGARET HOLLOWAY puts the last flowers in a wreath which she has built up from a straw base.

her spare time with the St. John's Fellowship at Rockdale. Margaret is an outdoor girl. She loves horse-riding and swimming, and enjoys Youth Concerts and light opera. She lives with her family at Hurstville.

Though the girls' outside interests are worlds apart, they both agree that "there's no business like flower business."

Teen Fun



"Your father told me to beat it — and when I did he threw me out!"



VAN CLIBURN is amazed by the frenzied adulation he receives from teenagers, as well as adults, whenever he appears in public.

LONG-HAIRED PIANIST IS

NEW TEEN IDOL

By Norma Lee Browning

● Three years ago a piano-player from Texas leaped to sudden glory by playing a piece of long-hair music in Moscow. His name was Van Cliburn. The piece was Tchaikovsky's B Flat Minor Concerto.

VAN CLIBURN'S fans now compare in number with those of Elvis Presley. Wherever he goes he is trailed by multitudes of swooners, many of whom don't know Tchaikovsky from chop suey.

And last month, in honor of her native son, the Texan city of Fort Worth announced the Van Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition.

With prizemoney totalling £7700 — the largest ever offered in a musical competition — the first contest will be held at Fort Worth next September.

In the U.S.A. Van Cliburn is considered something of a phenomenon — a boyish, blue-eyed young man whose popular appeal is as spectacular as his stature with the judicious.

Many before and since have played Tchaikovsky without creating much of a stir, but overnight Van Cliburn achieved fame with the music critics and popularity with the masses. Such a paradox doesn't happen every day.

'Kind of fantastic'

I spent several days with him recently on a benefit-concert engagement — well chaperoned by squealing, crashing mobs of teenagers, hero-worshippers, celebrity-seekers, and some music-lovers.

Wherever he goes he is accorded the frenzied adulation usually reserved for public heroes or the young men with funny hairdos on TV. But behind the glamor-boy exterior is an earnest, often scared-looking young man who is downright awed at his own public image.

Once, between stampedes, he said to me with a trace of wonderment: "It's kind of fantastic, isn't it? Because I'm NOT a success. I'm only a sen-

sation. There's a big difference."

Cliburn looks younger than 27. He is tall—6 feet 4—and gangling, with a soft southern accent, a timid smile, and a boyish charm that quickly captures an audience. He is completely unspoiled by fame.

"In a way, this is all wonderful," he says. "When I first came back from Moscow in 1958 it was hard to believe that a classical musician could become an overnight celebrity in America.

"Sure, it's fine, if being a sensation can help the public appreciate good music, and I like to think I've helped a little.

"But for a true creative artist merely to be a winner in a popularity poll is meaningless. It's not the same as success. True success and worth can't be measured in a week, a year, or even a lifetime. It is for the people left behind you to decide."

This is a rather unconventional view to be held by a young man who might easily qualify as an entertainment idol.

Cliburn is the only classical musician ever given the ticker-tape parade of national heroes in New York City.

He has probably converted more hepcats to the classics than anybody ever did before and it is easy to see why. Next to his passion for the piano is his intense feeling for talented young people who need encouragement. This is no act.

Shortly before he left New York on a recent European tour

he interrupted a jam-packed schedule by flying to northern Michigan for a benefit concert for the National Music camp at Interlochen. He had never been to Interlochen and he had never performed with an all-student orchestra on the teenage level.

Music camp

Nor had Interlochen ever played host to a visiting artist quite like him. Instead of holing-up until concert time, Cliburn donned camp uniform and went trooping over the grounds, watching student rehearsals, looking in on classes and private lessons, talking to anyone who stopped him—and signing autographs.

Once, while touring the grounds flanked by top brass, photographers, and student fans, he leaned down and whispered with embarrassment: "Is there any way I could get a sandwich? I'm starving."

Several hours, miles, and autographs later he was still starving but too busy talking shop with music students to bother about it.

His benefit concert at Interlochen brought in £6000 for the student music camp. It was earmarked for Van Cliburn piano scholarships for outstanding music students.

Young Cliburn has strong convictions about culture—or the lack of it—among American youth.

"There's plenty of artistic talent," he says. "All it needs

is a push in the right direction."

He thinks more parents should push their children into doing things that are challenging instead of saying, "They're not ready yet."

"There are many things a child should be and can be expected to do before he is generally considered ready for it," he says.

As for himself, Van announced to his family at the ripe old age of 5 that he was going to be a concert pianist. He had started taking piano lessons from his mother when he was 3. His father wanted him to be a medical missionary but was outvoted.

Mrs. Cliburn was Van's only piano teacher until he finished high school and went to New York to study at Juilliard.

Long before this, however, it was obvious that his determination to be a concert pianist was no mere childhood whim. At 12, as the winner of a State-wide competition for young pianists, he made his orchestral debut with the Houston Symphony, playing the same Tchaikovsky's B Flat Minor Concerto that was to bowl over the Russians in 1958.

Only after his Houston debut did his father give up hopes of his son becoming a medical missionary. He built a studio on the back of the family garage, where Van could practise to his heart's content—and he did.

The Cliburn home in Kilgore was next door to the

schoolhouse. When Van finished class work ahead of the others—as he usually did—his teachers let him run home and practise.

At 13 he made his Carnegie Hall debut as the winner of the National Music Festival award. This was only the beginning of a succession of musical laurels, including the Edgar M. Leventritt Foundation award in 1954. With this went the privilege of playing with the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall and four other major American orchestras — the Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Denver, and Buffalo orchestras.

By current standards of fame and popularity, however, Van remained fairly oblivious until his Moscow invasion. He became front-page news and the idol of millions. Khrushchev asked to hear him. On his return home, President Eisenhower asked to meet him.

Near genius

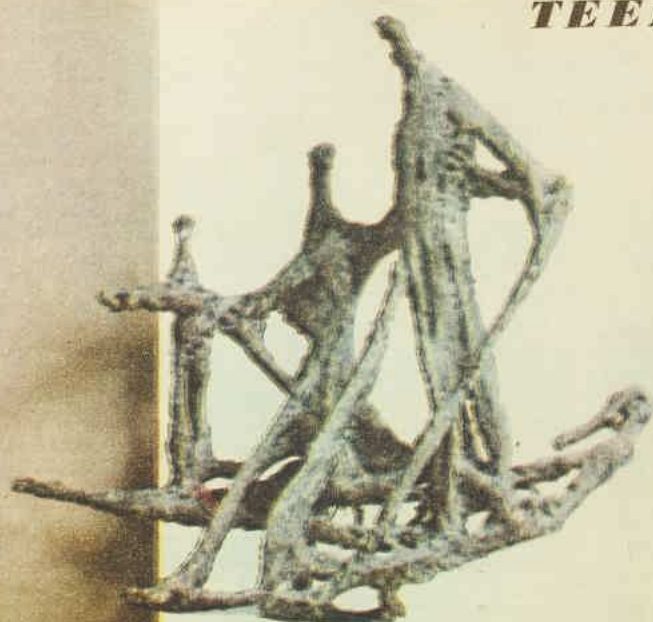
Goodwill, mass appeal, public acclaim — Van Cliburn views them all in mature and modest perspective. But to anyone who has watched him work there is no question where his heart lies.

You see it in fleeting glimpses of his movements and manner — the way his enormous hands, in powerful mastery of a piano, are fidgety and restless when they're not on the keyboard; the expressive movement of his feet on the pedals; the serious, sensitive, sometimes puzzled look he wears when facing a spellbound audience, as though trying hard to balance properly on the public pedestal without toppling.

Most of all you sense an eerie nearness to genius when you ask, "If this isn't success, what is? What more do you want?" Wringing wet with the sweat of hard work, he looks straight at you and says, "I want to play better tomorrow than I did today."

TEENAGE PATTERNS

SEWING FOR SUMMER



COVER GIRL DRESS

7472. Ultra-feminine and demure, our cover girl's one-piece dress has a long-sleeved bodice-top trimmed with delicate lace. The skirt is slim and easy. Teenage sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 18yds. of matching ¾in. lace. Price 4/6.



7470. Two-piece Kookie dress designed for free and easy summer days. The top fastens with twin buttons, the skirt is permanently pleated. Teenage sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6



7473. Figure-flattering one-piece. The bodice-top is collarless and finished with short sleeves. Tailored bows trim the waistline and skirt. Teenage sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

BY CANDY HARDY

● These three young summer styles, and the one worn by our cover girl, were specially chosen by Candy Hardy for Australian teenagers. A paper pattern is available for each design. When ordering please state clearly pattern number and size required. The address is Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

7471. Lace-trimmed jumper suit is a wonderful fashion to show and flatter a summer tan. The skirt is permanently pleated. Teenage sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. matching 3in. lace. Price 4/6.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

To shave or not

"WE are two schoolgirls of 14 and 15 and we want to know whether you think we should shave our legs. We think we should, as it looks much better. Our mothers say that we are too young and will regret it in later years. Also they tell us that you can't see the hair, anyway, but we assure you that you can. Other girls insist that you should leave a tip after being in a coffee shop or restaurant. Do you think it is the correct thing for a woman or schoolgirl?"

B.D., N.S.W.

Perhaps if you showed this advice from our beauty expert, Carolyn Earle, to your mothers, it may reassure them.

"Contrary to popular belief shaving CANNOT coarsen hair or increase its rate-growth. Electric razors are popular because they require no lather and do not nick the skin.

"If you use a safety-razor, soften the hair first with a good lather of soapsuds and sweep the razor in long

strokes from ankle to knee against the growth of the hair. There is a knack to it, so practise first on a small skin area. After shaving, apply hand cream or lotion to give added smoothness and softness."

Re your second query "Is it correct for a woman or schoolgirl to leave a tip in a coffee shop or restaurant?"—No.

Not in race

"FOR four years I have been madly in love with this boy. He has told me he loves me, but he is very shy. We are both 17 and live very close. But my problem is, when I pass his house to see him, he sees me coming and runs inside and doesn't come out until I have passed his house. When I ask him about it, all he says is: 'I don't run inside.'"

K.T., Vic.

Something is afoot. You could try shock tactics next time — like running around the back and surprising him, but I'd give him the go-by. There's method in his shyness.

Slimming diet

"MY trouble is I seem to be too fat or big for my age. I weigh exactly 10 stone. Is that too heavy do you think? I have rather large bones. My measurements are 34in. bust, 27½in. waist, 31in. hips. Is that too big for a 14½-year-old girl? Mum says I am too fat for my 14 years. Also, some of my friends, too. Could you please help me?"

"Fatty," Vic.

You did not give your height to complete the important statistics, but 10 stone is heavy for an "average-height" 14-year-old.

With your mother's help and interest, why not consult your local doctor? Many doctors, aware of the psychological problems some teenagers develop from overweight, are very sympathetic and prescribe safe diets and appetite-reducing tablets.

Talking to boys

"WHENEVER I am in the company of boys my age I become terribly shy and self-conscious. I know I am too young to be thinking of boys, but I feel strange and awkward because most of my friends talk easily to boys and the boys talk to them and they must think I dislike boys. Can you give me some advice on how to learn to talk easily and naturally to boys my age?"

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

Let's explore the causes underlying your "inability to talk to boys" and we might find the clues to the cure.

In your case, first comes basic sensitivity of nature. This is a precious personality trait in anyone, but a bug-bear to yourself and friends if carried to extremes of "touchiness."

Secondly: Unfamiliarity with boys. Today's smaller families mean fewer brothers (sometimes none) to bring a gang home at weekends and get Sis used to boy-talk and boy-topics.

Thirdly: There could be lack of mixed social contact through non-membership of youth clubs.

Some of the nicest boys are just as sensitive, painfully shy, and conversationally scared stiff as girls. The clever girl who forgets her agony to ease theirs can't stop talking.

Try it during the holidays.

Foiling father

"I AM a girl of seventeen and whenever I date boys and they come to collect me at home my father is always very rude to them. My mother and I try to persuade him to be polite, but he refuses. He says that I am too young to go out with boys, but I think that is silly, as I have been working for several months. I am very worried, since I am becoming unpopular and boys now stay away from our home. I really do not know what to do. Any decent boy dating me for the first time will want to meet my father and it is so embarrassing."

"Desperate," N.S.W.

Can't say I blame the boys for "ducking" the drawing-room — Father is certainly laying it on a bit thick for a girl of seventeen.

Mother is your best ally. You and she could forearm the boys by confiding, "Father is a darling, but frightfully eccentric" — much in the manner of the Englishman at the diplomatic party who insisted his friends meet the Russian anti-Anglophile. "I say, you simply MUST meet this character — he thinks the English are MAD."

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

MAKE a jewellery tree!

It's a novel and pretty way to display the costume pieces you're not wearing and saves the trinkets from tangling together in messy heaps in boxes.

Look for a piece of driftwood — on the beach or in a department store — and drape the branches elegantly with the jewellery.

Put it on your dressing-table so that it reflects in your mirror or hang it on the wall.

So simple and decorative.

Pale face

"I HAVE been wearing make-up for a little while now and my face is rather white without it. It embarrasses me every time my boy-friend wants to go swimming because I always don't want to go because of this. I am rather attractive with make-up, but could you please tell me how I could make my skin darker so I wouldn't have to wear so much make-up? I am 17."

"Worried Teenager," N.S.W.

A good brand of water-proof make-up plus suntan lotion is your answer. Some will come off in the water, but if you pat—not rub—gently dry after the swim you'll be able to take the close-ups.

Boy next door

"MINE is one of those 'girl-next-door, boy-next-door' problems, the boy is 16 and he only thinks of me as his little sister or a very good friend. He often asks me to help him decide on other romances, and this hurts me very much. I have tried making him jealous and hinting, but it never works. I have been hinting to him about the school social, but, as usual, no response. I am very fond of him and I think he likes me, but not in that special way. I am considered quite attractive by everyone and I like having fun and friends, so could you please tell me why he is not attracted to me?"

H.B., Vic.

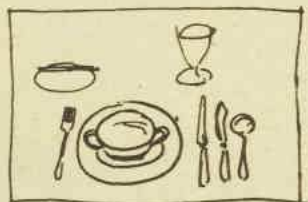
I sympathise for that unkindest cut of all—having to help him "decide on other romances" — but I'm afraid he's the only one who knows why he isn't attracted to you. Short of asking him, there's not much you can do except play the little sister so well you might stand a chance of promotion later. In any case, anything exciting can happen at 15 . . . another nice boy might move in on the other side of your house, and think of the delicious confusion of heart that could cause.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

TABLE MANNERS

THE SOUP COURSE

Continuing our new etiquette series adapted from the book "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."



At lunch, soup is usually served in a cup. This may be eaten with a smaller soup-spoon or drunk by lifting the cup to the mouth.



NEXT WEEK: The Fish Course



Never hold your soup-spoon like a mashie niblick. This is not par for this course. The correct way to hold it . . .



is like this—in the right hand with the thumb on top.

When most of the soup is eaten (from the side of your spoon) tip the plate away from you, never toward you.

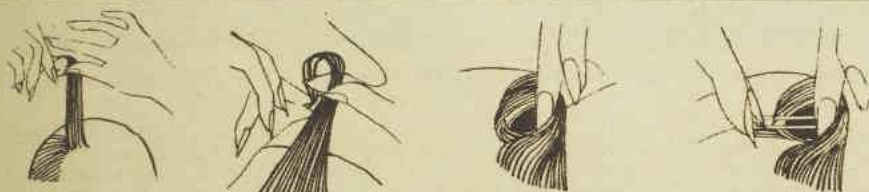
ALL SET FOR SUMMER

● When it's hats off to summer, a pretty hairdo is apt to become a mess unless you know how to set, comb, and manage it. Here are five steps to help you.

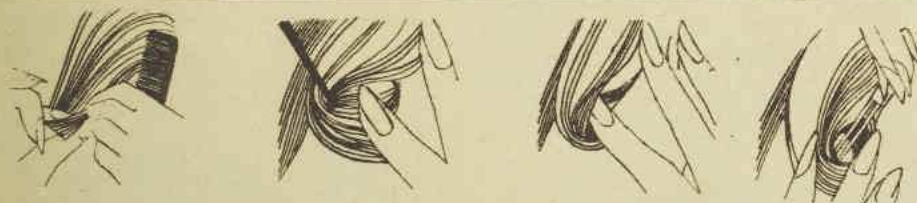
By Carolyn Earle



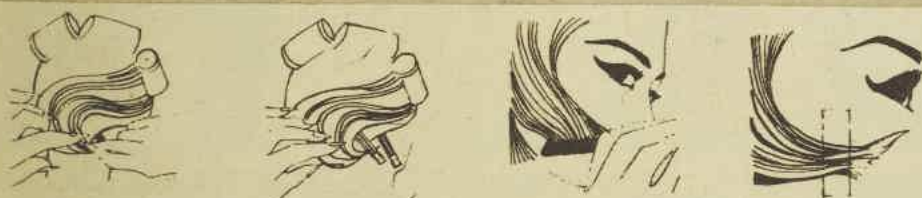
ROLLER TECHNIQUE: Lift a strand with a rat-tail comb from wet, flattened hair, hold it straight up and run up the roller from the back till the tip of strand is just held. Wind firmly, folding in loose ends with tail end of comb as you reach hair roots. Hold roller with spring clip, plastic pin, or hairpin (for unruly hair use all three). Cover set with net.



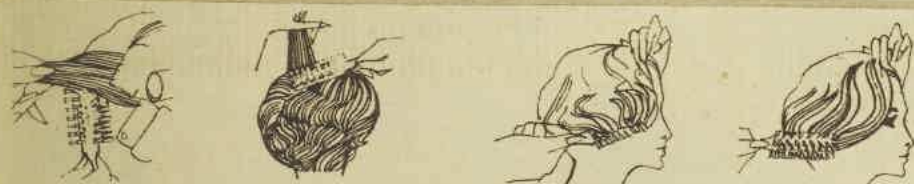
STAND-UP PIN-CURL: Where you want neither bouffant fullness nor clinging waves, but a soft, fluffy style, try the stand-up pin-curl. Basically it is a "rolled" strand, but more relaxed—and used with thinner strands of hair—ideal on hair too short for rollers. Use index finger as "roller," roll it halfway, then use fingers to make it stand up. Pin firmly.



PIN CURLS: The pin-curl is used for any short hair at the back, sides, and front of the head. Use spring clip to hold neatly in place. Collect a ribbon of hair, curve it round index finger (as for stand-up pin-curl), and just before placing it flat against head pull the curl back a bit with tail of comb—this helps curl to lie flat against head and not stand away.



NAPE AND CHEEK WAVES: If you want a waved back for your short hair, you need not use a boxful of pins; hold hair flat against back of head with one hand and make a sweeping wave with the comb; slip in three or four spring clips to hold this movement. Use double mirrors to place clips in best position. For cheek curls, fix with sticky-tape.



SHAPING WITH BRUSH: Back-brush each roller curl as you take it out; hold up strand of hair, place brush near the scalp, and twist bristles against the strand of hair toward head. When whole head is back-brushed, shape deep cheek waves with brush; take large section of hair at side, place brush at roots, then twist brush out and forwards.

LET'S MIX POLITICS AND CHICKS!

● One of the most interesting aspects of the recent Federal elections was the scarcity of women candidates.

I FIRMLY believe there should be more ladies of the House (of Representatives). All hanky-Pankhurst aside, I really do.

For females are well fitted for (or, you might say, they could easily put their Han[sar]ds to) politics.

Here are examples of ways in which girls have much in common with government . . .

Firstly, of course, they have the necessary urge to be in Parliament. Aren't they always (in public transport) trying to get seats?

Then, there would probably be no problem about the girls deciding on political affiliations.

Lasses generally know whether or not they like a particular party.

But I earlier said "probably" because although a girl knows when to call "A.L.P.!" she doesn't always know when to Lib. and let Lib.

Nevertheless, a girl candidate should easily win an electorate.

Having probably taken ballot lessons, she would be on her toes.

She would also be very adept at making promises. And she could be sure of at least one vote — her own — complicated though the voting paper might be.

For, like any normal girl, she has always been interested in marking down all "squares."

She, too, would have her preferences.

Then, there would be the postal votes she'd pick — sealed, of course, with a loving X.

Let's assume now that our lass has been elected. (I might say her elevation to Cabinet rank would present an interesting situation — it would be a chance to have a girl whose intentions have to be [the] Honorable!)

She would have certain problems, of course. In the tradition of women seeking the best flat, she might have a job deciding on the Upper or Lower House.

But in other matters she'd be at home.

Women are never happier than when bringing down a Budget — particularly a boyfriend's or husband's.

The girl and other colleagues would also, doubtless, offer impressive qualifications for the post of Speaker.

You could also assemble an excellent Cabinet of girls — with, say, a Domestic Science "brain" as Minister for the Interior (she'd look after the Constitution) and a beauty queen as Minister for National Development!

Of course, even if active representation failed, lasses could still be in politics.

Because girls (married) often threaten to go home to Mother, wouldn't they make excellent Returning Officers?

Well, I declare the poll — for the doll. With a last word for blokes who don't agree with me: These little things are Senate to try us!

— Robin Adair

ART THROUGH THE AGES

By Douglas Watson

Atmosphere and light

15. English Romantic School (Early 19th century)

ONE of the leaders of the Romantic movement in English art was Joseph Mallord William Turner.

A wealth of legend has grown up about this Cockney master of color and atmosphere, but most of the stories of his remarkable skill as a youth are true. For instance, when he was fifteen he was exhibiting at the Royal Academy in London.

Turner is the very essence of English landscape painting, lighting up a new path of beauty and vision which was to influence all that followed.

Outstanding success came to Turner at a very early age. At 24 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy—a high distinction and a sure road to success at that time.

By nature, Turner was shy and secretive, but he gave up his whole life to the cause of art, accumulating a great fortune in the process. He adored fame and



"BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT," Joseph Turner, Philadelphia Museum of Art.

revered money, but even more than these two great incentives put together he loved nature and his art.

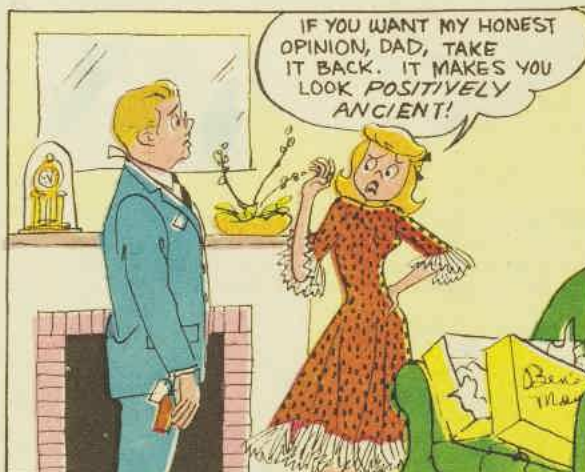
Turner was a keen observer: he carried sketch books with him, jotting down cloud formations and dramatic qualities in landscapes. His large landscapes were painted in his own studio from sketches made on the spot.

In the picture above, "Burning of the Houses of Parliament," we see his superb gift of creating

atmosphere—dramatic, yet beautifully bound together with a golden glow of light.

There seems to have been no end to his imaginative powers and resources, while his artistic achievements reached a degree of sublimity never exceeded at the time. It was his interest in light that influenced the French Impressionists.

NEXT WEEK: French Realism.



Versatile newcomer hits jackpot on TV

● Human nature being what it is, it's a bit unusual for fellow performers to fall over themselves congratulating a newcomer, predicting that he "will make it."

BUT that's what happened when 18-year-old Jerry J. Wilder made his TV debut on "The Johnny O'Keefe Show" recently.

Though new to TV, he's already sung at a lot of dances with Lonnie Lee, and has toured with him in N.S.W., Queensland, and Victoria.

Jerry has a warm, friendly, Dean Martin sort of voice, and while he's not exactly an oil painting there's something about him that makes people like him.

His real name is Laurie Ryan. But he feels that Jerry suits him better, and that Wilder's a bit more interesting for a singer than Ryan. The J's there just for the look of it.

Of mixed British-Maltese extraction, Jerry was born in Cairo, where his father was serving with the British Army. He's been in Australia for the past 11 years, and formerly lived in Adelaide.

Currently he's staying with Lonnie and Pam Lee at Allambie Heights, Sydney, while looking for a flat of his own.

A versatile fellow, Jerry not only sings and composes (he wrote "Sunday" for Lonnie Lee) but also plays the piano accordion, guitar, bass, and piano.

Under a five-year contract to Leedon, his first record, "Theresa Bella," should be out within a matter of weeks. Jerry, who speaks five languages, sings one of the choruses in Italian.

The flip isn't yet decided on, but like the top side it will be a composition of his own.

He's a mad TV Western fan and likes table tennis.

MOST young American entertainers have done their National Service in either the

Air Force (Tommy Sands) or the Army, like Elvis. The Everly Brothers, however, are being different, and have gone into the Marines, traditionally the toughest branch of Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

LONDON record columnist John Wells predicts that Buddy Holly's life story will be filmed in Hollywood this year. According to Buddy's manager, Norman Petty, the Holly legend continues to grow, particularly in Australia and Britain.

Since Buddy's death in a plane crash in Iowa in 1959 his company has continued to release discs he cut, and the supply should last for some time yet.

Local talent: Rivalry between Melbourne and Sydney is nothing new, but it's likely to reach a new high now that each city has a group called The Sapphires, both of them making records.

The Melbourne Sapphires are a six-man, twangy instrumental outfit consisting of Bruce Rowlands (piano), Brian James (tenor), Colin Cook (alto), Charlie Osborne (guitar), Geoff Whiteman (bass), and Ken Morecroft (drums).

Their "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?" (W and G 45), a fairly attractive offering, is now out.

Sydney's Sapphires are a Kingston-style three-man group made up of Duke Finlay, Tony Garrick, and Ned Hussney. Their current single is "High On a Mountain."

GREAT news to start the year off for Johnny Devlin is that his "Good Lookin' Boy," retitled "Pretty Lookin' Boy," has been released by the Coral label in America, with Teresa Brewer singing it instead of

Patsy Ann Noble, as in the original Australian version.

Johnny's composition is the second side of an English lyric version of the Continental hit "Succu Succu," retitled "Step Right Up." Cash Box made the disc a Pick of the Week, and wrote: "Miss Brewer bubbles over with enthusiasm for her 'Pretty Lookin' Boy.' Two big double-headers here."

The other disc Cash Box referred to is Nat King Cole's "Step Right Up" - "Magic Moment."

Johnny's own latest single is a summer special entitled "Swimmun' Suit."

THAT fine Adelaide-born folk singer Denis Gibbons is always a pleasure to listen to, especially when he's got material such as the lovely old "Skye Boat Song" (W and G 45). "Tina," in the writing of which the talented Boudleaux Bryant had a hand, makes a good-value flip.

Pops: Some 18 months ago Jamie Horton proved herself a personality-packed teen singer with "Robot." Her new W and G single, "They're Playing Our Song," doesn't do much for her, though she sings it from the heart in a throbby, romantic way. Flip is a fast-and-furious gabble called "Going, Going, Gone."

NOT having known them before, "The Return of The Doodletown Fifers" (United Artists LP) didn't mean a thing to me as a title. But it's a huge, rather interesting band (piano, saxes, guitar, percussion, harp, cello, timpani, and girl singer), and the stereo version's certainly a real showpiece. Tunes include "One Is a Lonely Number" (bluesy), "Moonlight On the Ganges" (exotic), and "Thursday's Child" (bold and brassy).

IN the mood for some country air? Then you can fill your lungs with Jack Scott's "Steps 1 and 2" (Capitol 45). He sings it well, and the tune and lyrics are both good. Don't confuse the flip with the old "Some of These Days" — it's "One of These Days," a beaty original by Jack.

Humor: Loud cheers and hearty laughter. The button-down-mind man Bob Newhart is back and this time deals with such subjects as rocket scientists, counterspies, and a tourist meeting Khrushchev. A Warner Bros. LP (Newhart's third) and it's a riot. Title is "Behind the Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart."



JERRY J. WILDER with Lonnie Lee, who discovered him.

'Most requested' singer on TV

● A TV appearance on "Bandstand" and a successful recording of his own compositions "Cross My Heart" and "Please Understand" have given Melbourne singer Malcolm Arthur a terrific personal boost.

MALCOLM'S first trip up the rock ladder was stopped short by a serious car accident, but in spite of his fears at the time he is again as active as ever — and his fans know just how active he can be.

He very nearly had a second setback early last November, when, while working as a crane-driver, he dropped a steel girder on his foot, breaking it in two places.

Lots of viewers thought the crutches he used on his "Bandstand" appearance were a gimmick, but they were for real.

With an entertainer's instinct for a good act, he made the best of a bad job and used his crutches to good effect while singing "Goodbye Cruel World."

"I tried it out at home first, then just before the show I asked Brian Henderson and producer Warwick Freeman what they thought of it," Malcolm said. "They told me to go ahead."

Brian Henderson referred to Malcolm on the show as the most requested rock-n-roll singer in Australia. It's certainly true of Melbourne, Malcolm's home town, where his many fans "request" him loudly and constantly.

Malcolm got his start as a rock singer because he looks so much like Elvis Presley and

although he sings Presley hits he doesn't trade on this likeness.

Malcolm composed and arranged "Cross My Heart" and "Please Understand" on his recent Crest release. He loves composing and says he has lots more songs up his sleeve. Many are already written and it's only a matter of picking the ones he thinks are hit material.

Malcolm also rearranges old tunes, but says he really prefers writing new ones.

"I think it's good for Australian talent to produce new tunes," he said. "This way we're not just copying what American singers do."

Although the future seems bright now with interstate TV bookings coming up, Malcolm is determined to keep on working for his daily bread.

He's a motor mechanic by trade and likes the feeling of security it gives him.

Malcolm has always played both the ukulele and guitar. With the drift away from the old rock-n-roll style, he's well equipped to go along with the changes.

But he loves real rock-n-roll singing in public.

"I can't stand the half-and-half type," he said. "I like the wild rock because of the wonderful response you get from the audience."

As a composer, however, he specialises in ballads.

● Overleaf for latest pin-up of Malcolm

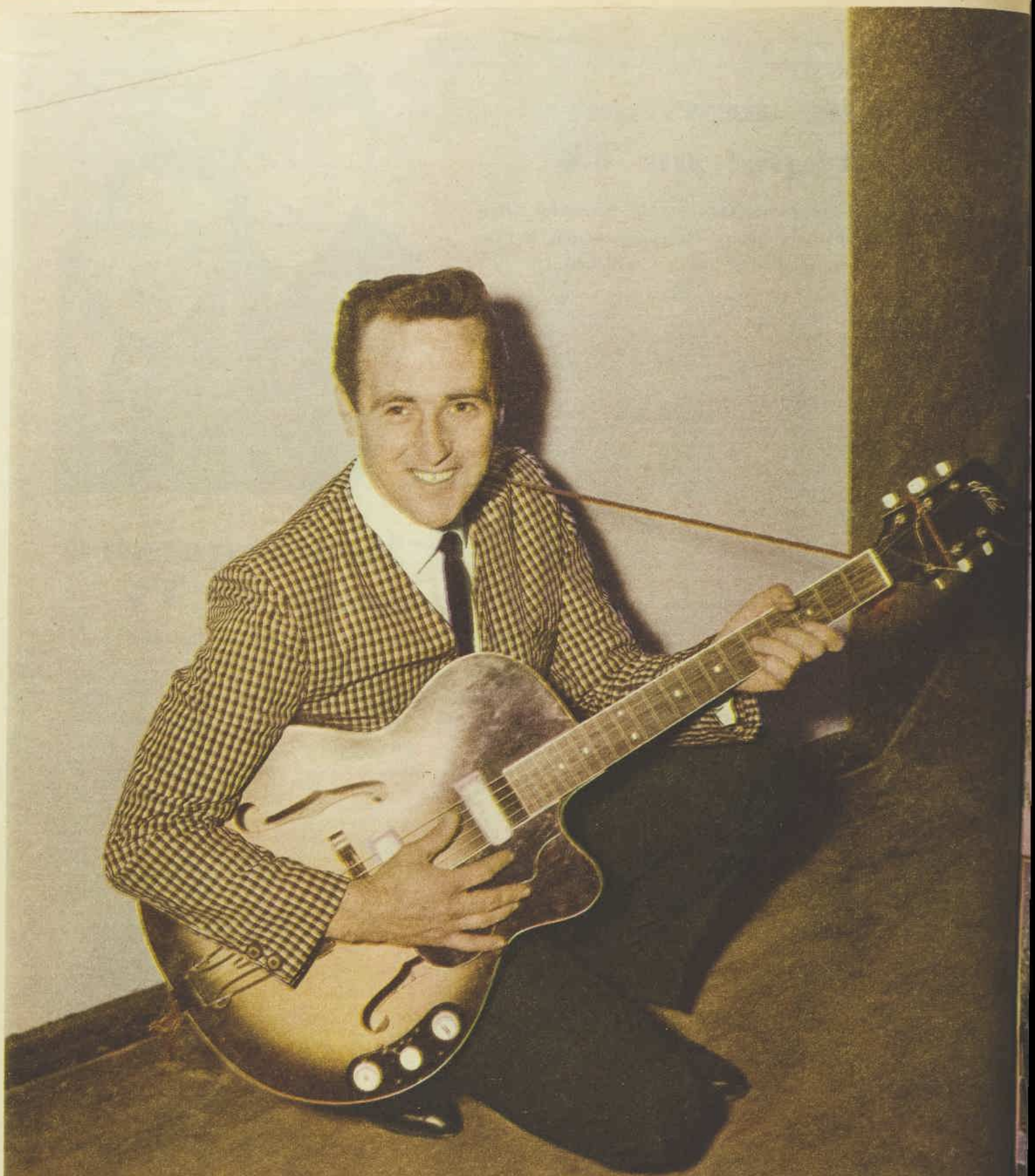
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Jack Scott



Jamie Horton



MALCOLM ARTHUR

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 27, 1962

"COMO" RELIVES THE PAST

● Thousands of Australians have had an insight into the mid-Victorian style in stately living since "Como," one of Melbourne's early mansions, was acquired, complete with much of its original furnishings, by the National Trust of Australia (Victoria) in 1959 and opened to the public.

Continued overleaf



Can friends criticise...
your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your toilet,
but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

**NOW—here's the quick,
easy way to keep your
toilet bowl sparkling clean
and hygienic.**

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire toilet bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or toilet sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.

**Harpic is made specially for cleansing
all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.**

Harpic cleans round the "S" bend—where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC
Regd.
TOILET CLEANSER



Safe for cleaning
Septic Tank
Toilet Bowls

Continued from previous page

"COMO" RELIVES THE PAST

By FRED A IRVING

● "Como," South Yarra—one of Melbourne's stately old mansions and Victoria's first National Trust home—retains so many original furnishings and treasures that it provides a perfect picture of the leisured past.

THESE furnishings and decorations, chosen for it with such discriminating care by Charles Henry Armytage and his descendants, who lived there from 1864 until 1959, provide one of "Como's" chief charms.

As a result, the home, which was acquired by the National Trust of Australia (Victoria) in 1959, has a "lived-in" feeling and is not just a coldly arranged museum piece depicting mid-Victorian taste.

Adding to this home atmosphere are the attractive dried-flower arrangements in most of the reception-rooms, making you think the mistress of the house has just seen to one of her daily delights.

Century-old

The original Armytage furniture includes curtains, pelmets, chandeliers, and ornaments, and some of their china, silver, and glass, which are there today as they have been for so many years—some for nearly a century.

In addition, family portraits and treasured trophies of the chase still hang on the walls, further contributing to the feeling of present family living.

But this historic house has a link with even earlier days than the leisure time which came with success in the mid-1800s.

It goes right back to 1837, when the pioneers were first battling to make their way.

In that year the Langhorne brothers, nephews of Captain William Lonsdale, ran cattle on the banks of the billabong which inspired the homestead's name and is now Como Park.

In 1840 the 54½ acres of "Como" were sold for £1908 at the first sale held south of the Yarra.

In 1854 "Como" was bought by John Brown, a wealthy master builder with a reputation for lavish hospitality.

He enlarged the existing homestead, building the front portion in its early Georgian architecture as it stands today.

When Charles Henry Army-

tage bought the mansion in 1864, he paid £14,000 for the house and its original acres, which stretched to the Yarra on one side and through to Toorak Road on the other.

Later he built a drive from the house to Toorak Road, where the tall iron "Como" gates stood originally.

Today that drive is Como Avenue and the gates have come right back to within a few yards of the house.

Big extensions

In 1874 Mr. Armytage added the two-storey ballroom and billiard-room wing. The architect was Arthur Johnson, who also designed the Melbourne G.P.O., the Law Courts, and Melbourne Church of England Boys' Grammar School.

All these early owners built "Como" to last.

The building is of brick faced with stucco (now painted clear white) and the roof is Welsh slate. The internal woodwork is glowing cedar and the floors of the central block are teak.

The entrance to the ballroom wing is known as the Orchestration Hall, which Charles Henry Armytage called after the musical instrument of the same name which once stood there.

It was a type of mechanical organ and played eight popular tunes on metal cylinders.

Two particularly fascinating things in the Orchestration Hall are a glass case sheltering two superb birds of paradise from New Guinea and a watercolor of "Como," painted in 1875, showing in their slender youth the now giant-tall trees surrounding the house.

Landscaping

The formal planting of these trees and the entire landscaping of the big garden were directed by the famous German botanist Baron Ferdinand von Mueller, who was for many years director of Melbourne's Botanical Gardens.

These grounds, still impeccably maintained today, were an ideal setting for the lavish hospitality for which "Como" was renowned.

One function for which they were always at their best was the Cherry-picking Party given annually by the Armytage family on the Sunday before the Melbourne Cup.

And if, by some freak of nature, the cherries were not richly ripe on the appointed day, others were bought and hung on the trees for guests to pick.

An invitation to this Armytage garden party was always coveted by the social elite of Melbourne—but not as much as one for the select, 400-strong ball always given by the family on Derby Eve.

On these occasions the lofty-ceilinged ballroom blazed with light from the magnificent 18th-century chandelier and wall brackets, and glittering reflections sparkled from the pier glass and mirrors on all four walls.

To this used to come the Victorian Governor and all the visiting Governors and their suites, interstate visitors, and anyone else of note in Melbourne for the Cup festivities.

Today's echoes

There are occasionally faint echoes of those richly hospitable ways of "Como" today when the Women's Committee of the National Trust or the Trust's Junior Group hold parties or exhibitions to raise money for the continued care and maintenance of the dignified old home.

Proof of "Como's" charm is the enthusiasm which these women give to this never-ending work. They make it a labor of love—just as did sisters Miss Leila Armytage and Mrs. Constance Fitzgerald, the last of the Armytage family to live in the house.

And evidence of the way Victorians as a whole have taken their first National Trust house to their hearts is provided by the 44,567 who have visited "Como" between August 9, 1959, the day it was first open to the public, and the middle of 1961.

("Como" is open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., including Saturdays and Sundays, with admission 2/6 for adults and 1/- for children.)



THE MASSIVE TABLE in "Como's" dining-room has many extension leaves and is of cedar. The blackwood chairs have non-swivelling castors on the front legs for easy moving by servants. They were made by an undertaker in "slack periods."

FASCINATING item in this small drawing-room at "Como" is the Victorian games table of walnut, which has two swivel chairs with a table between. As well as being used for chess and draughts, the table also doubles as a music-stand by raising the top.



MAIN BEDROOM at "Como" with its brass bedstead and mahogany furniture, among which are two pedestal bedside cupboards, an old-fashioned shaving-stand, and beautiful chests-of-drawers. The bedspread, an authentic 19th century reproduction, was sent from America by Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II to complete the room's perfect period effect.

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● A new slant on informal party cottons—the dress with a definite shape.

THE shaped cotton dress is the answer to a reader's fashion problem. Here is her query and my reply:

"I have 3½ yds. of cotton printed in a large floral design for which I would like a frock pattern suitable for informal parties. I want something new but not a kookie style."

Top billing in midsummer fashions is given to a one-piece with a figure-flattering shape. A dress in this category is illustrated above, and I hope you will like it well enough to copy it. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Under the picture are details and how to order.

"I have made a very pretty full skirt in lemon silk and would like a suggestion for the top."

Your letter did not make it clear if the design you want is for a bodice-top or separate overblouse. However, a sleeveless top with a deep cowl back would be effective in either case.

"I am taking up night tennis and would like to know what I should wear."

I suggest a one-piece dress with a knee-length skirt, or shorts and a separate top. Whichever design you choose, be sure it is made in an easy-to-laundry fabric and designed to allow freedom of movement. All-white looks best for tennis.

"My small daughter, aged five, is to be a flowergirl at a summer wedding. The bride wants her to wear a floor-length frock. Would this be correct?"

Perfectly correct. The traditional flowergirl's dress is floor-length or ankle-length. The design is usually high-waisted, with a round neckline finished with a tiny ruffle, short puffed sleeves, and a skirt gathered all round. As the wedding will be taking place in hot weather, white or a pastel organdie would be a good material choice.

"I am very short and thin. Can you advise me on several styles for early autumn?"

The princess-line dress is returning to fashion, and this beltless silhouette will add to your height. Narrow pleats are also becoming to a petite figure, and any of the new little autumn suits (i.e., short-fitted jacket and slightly flared skirt) are perfect for your size group.

"I have some good white fabric guaranteed easy to wash and iron and I would like a suit-style for this fabric. I would like a little color contrast in the design."

I suggest a four-pocket cardigan jacket and low-pleated skirt with pleats stitched to the knee-cap. Border the hemline with bright navy-blue bands and repeat the color bands on the four pockets of the cardigan jacket.



DS472.—Informal party dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36 in. material and 2 yds. ribbon. Price 4/6. Pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Would it be correct to have a slide fastener to fasten the front bodice of a one-piece frock?"

Perfectly correct. A slide-fastener is one of the neatest forms of fastening, and can be used on all parts of a garment.

"How long should a dress be for the 30-40 age group?"

The correct length for skirts is at knee-level, or an inch below. I see no reason why the age group you mention should not follow this length and be in fashion.

"I want to have a short party frock in white eyelet cotton trimmed with white cotton lace. The lace is about 5 in. wide. I am just 16 and quite slim."

My suggestion is a torso dress with a sleeveless top, the skirt ending in six ruffled tiers of cotton lace. Have the neckline high, round, and collarless.

"What corset would be the most slimming under a beltless and rather tight-fitting afternoon frock? I am wearing the frock to a buffet dinner. Should I wear gloves?"

Either a one-piece corselet or a long bra with girdle creates a smooth, unbroken line. As you are wearing an afternoon dress it suggests the buffet dinner is not formal. This being the case, gloves are optional.

"I am making a very plain princess-shape frock in a lightweight wool. Could you suggest some new and interesting trim?"

A fringed triangular scarf in matching fabric will bring your frock right into the high-fashion bracket.

"Please suggest some type of smart top to wear over slim white pants."

A tunic of brightly patterned cotton is new with any solid-colored pants.

rush straight at it and say 'Chow.' "

"Oh," said Mrs. Engel. "You mean 'Ciao.'"

"That's what I said — 'chow.' Well, I asked the porter about that; I asked him what is this 'chow,' and he told me it's something Italian people say like a greeting —"

"I know it is," Mrs. Engel interrupted. "It's like 'hi' or 'hello, there.'"

"It's a little more than that. It's something Italian people say to other Italian people, and then only if they know them very well. It's a familiar sort of thing, but you say it to people you don't even know."

"I only say it to children — it's all right to say it to children."

Mr. Engel got out his dark blue suit and looked around for his clothes-brush. "But why do you say it to them?"

"I don't do lots of things at home. I don't sleep in the afternoon at home; I don't have a cocktail before dinner and I don't have dinner at ten o'clock at night at home."

Mr. Engel found his clothes-brush and began brushing his jacket. "Neither do I," he said. "But that doesn't make me talk to strangers."

Just then the telephone rang. Mrs. Engel answered it, saying "Pronto" with just enough authority to provoke a flood of Italian, which had to be stemmed and diverted into English on both sides.

Mr. Engel listened as his wife took down a message from one of the shops, translated by the operator. "Look," he said when it was done. "That's really what I mean. It isn't your getting it wrong — anyone can do that. It's using it when you don't need to, and making them think you speak their language when you don't."

"You say a word like that one and they come back at you with a stream of stuff that you can't understand a word of, while if you say 'Hello' in the first place, they'd speak English right off. I just feel you confuse them."



"Harry, Junior wants you to go outside and play a game with him!"



Continuing . . . WHEN IN ROME

from page 21

"They don't all speak English," said Mrs. Engel reasonably. "Sometimes I have to speak Italian. I got you that extra blanket that cold night in Assisi," she reminded him, "and sometimes I have to ask the way to places."

"Do you understand what they answer?"

"They always point," said Mrs. Engel, "but they wouldn't if I wasn't able to ask."

Mr. Engel conceded the truth of this, but it still wasn't what he meant. When Italian was necessary, he said, it was fine to know a little and right to use it. What he really meant was that Mrs. Engel shouldn't give the impression of being able to converse in Italian.

"Oh, I think they know I can't," she said.

"Then why do you do it?"

Mrs. Engel fingered the camellia, which she had pinned on her dress. "I like to communicate," she said slowly. "I like to try to reach them. When I talk to the children, for instance, it's more for their parents — they're so proud of them, and mostly they're the only things they have. So even if I say it all wrong, they'll know I'm trying to reach them, and then maybe they'll try to reach me." She hesitated a moment. "It's being friendly — and it's fun," she finished rather lamely.

Mr. Engel took a clean shirt and went to wash. When he came back his wife was sitting at the dressing-table, doing something to her hair. He dressed and began putting all the things from the table back into his pockets. "Listen," he said. "I'm not criticising you. I only feel that when they understand English you should stick to it. I think it's more sensible that way, at least till you can keep Italian up. Can't you be friendly in English?"

Mrs. Engel stepped into her dress and backed up to him to have it zipped. "Just start it for me," she said.

He pulled it half-way up. "You see what I mean?" he asked. "I think the other way sounds silly."

Mrs. Engel faced him. "You mean I sound silly?"

Mr. Engel took a moment or two to answer her. "Not you especially," he said then carefully. "Anyone."

"I see what you mean," she said, and went and stood in front of the wardrobe mirror, but without actually looking at herself in it. "Of course I see."

"I'm not criticising," Mr. Engel said again.

"I know," said his wife. "Well, ready?" he asked, as she still stood there.

"Go ahead. You go ahead. I'll be right down."

He looked at her uneasily, but she smiled reassuringly.

"Go ahead, dear," she said. "I just have to get my other bag."

He went into the hall and rang for

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What's your choice? Cheese? Savoury spread? Jam? They're all mighty delicious on Brockhoff Salada Crackers, the crisp American cracker that's sprinkled with just enough salt to bring out the full rich flavour. Vitamin-enriched and low in calories, Salada Crackers are popular anytime. Keep some handy for all occasions . . . Brockhoff Salada Crackers . . . always in good taste



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Coco Chanel and Jackie Kennedy: THEY DOMINATE

Current world fashion is strongly dominated by two women—two who are poles apart in position and age.

One is Gabrielle Chanel, an ageless, unmarried Paris couturier. The other, Jacqueline Kennedy, is America's First Lady, a young wife and mother.

Chanel will go down in fashion history as the only couturier who spanned the tastes of almost half a century without ever changing her basic concept of clothes; the First Lady because in less than a year she has put the stamp of fine tailoring, young spirit, and zestful colors on current fashion.

Jacqueline Kennedy is the best thing that has happened for a long time, because the easy, simple styling she affects is basically good fashion.

The pillbox she has revived may be a hazard to millinery designers; it might even stop dead a new hat silhouette; but to women in all age-groups it is wearable, chic, and easy to copy.

The world is as good as sold on other Jackie fads—the standaway neckline, the boxy suit. She has also given the biggest boost in years to coat and suit fashions. It is she, too, who keeps the Little Nothing dress from becoming a nothing.

She is a powerful crusader—like Chanel—for quality and simplicity; is against whimsy changes in fashion. Dressing in their manner is a challenge because the Look is understated and almost sexless. The clothes depend on the woman inside them to produce the sex.

You may not look one little bit like Jacqueline Kennedy, but for the next three years—or maybe even seven if the K's get the nod for a second term—you will strive after the Look. It's here to stay.

● The easy, simple styling that Jacqueline Kennedy affects for formal occasions is basically good fashion. Her evening dresses (left), like her day clothes, are often linked to a go-with coat. Favorite after-dark color is white.



● The First Lady (above) wearing the Jackie pillbox. The Jackie hat can be in miniature, or in full-bloom bulbous shapes, and in any fabric. The bouffant hairdo is another trend that gained strength from Jackie's endorsement.



● Typical Jackie fashion (right) the Little Nothing dress linked with a matching jacket, or, at times, a companion coat. Result: a chic all-day ensemble wearable and elegant for all age groups.

WORLD FASHIONS

Gabrielle ("Coco") Chanel is black-eyed, ageless, with an outsize mouth and disarming little-boy grin. Her clothes are timeless, almost daring in simplicity, and made in beautiful fabrics and subtle colors.

They are easy to recognise. The Chanel suit has shown few changes in years.

Chanel runs her own business, chooses fabrics and mannequins, does all the designs.

She thinks eccentricity in fashion is idiotic.

Her advice since the 1920s has been: "Dress to make yourself feel young." She

wears her own clothes better than any of her customers can, and proves that a woman in her seventies can retain chic.

Chanel gave fashion its first taste of costume jewellery. She was the first woman to wear rich mixtures in stones, and she plasters her own clothes with emeralds and pearls.

Once in San Francisco a young reporter asked her how old she was.

The Chanel reply came in a flash: "Right now I feel a hundred years old because I am so bored with you."



● Gabrielle Chanel (right). Friends call her Coco.

By
Betty Keep



● Beige tweed cardigan suit (above) worn with a pink blouse. The suit was launched by Chanel in 1956, and is still copied in high and low price ranges all over the world.



● Chanel suit, 1962 (right), shows few changes in cut. Coco Chanel currently wears this suit. It is made in oatmeal tweed with red - and - gold trimming.

COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Mrs. Goodchild's pottery vase (left) is English, about 1885.



● Mrs. Collyer's coffee and tea set (right) is Victorian.



● Mrs. Vlagsma's statues are probably Austrian.



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ASTOR

A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

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EXPERT Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers inquiries from readers about their antiques.

This pottery vase stands about 20in. high and is a deep brown color with a yellow-and-green marbled effect. The metal is now painted white, but probably was brass or bronze originally. Could you tell me its age and origin, please?—Mrs. D. Goodchild, Fairfield, N.S.W.

This is a typical Victorian ewer-shaped vase originally belonging to a mantelpiece set of three. It is English and dates back to about 1885.

I have a four-piece carved silver set consisting of a tall coffee pot, teapot, cream jug, and sugar bowl. Markings include the number 3996.—Mrs. J. Collyer, Ormond, Vic.

The number 3996 indicates a registered design. This Victorian set would have been made some time during 1865 to 1875.

Could you give me any information about these two statuettes, please? They are 7½in. high and are shaded in pink and white.—Mrs. S. Vlagsma, Somerset, Tas.

The statues are late Victorian and are probably of Austrian manufacture.

HOME HINTS

● These useful household hints, sent in by readers, win a prize of £1/1/- each.

AN old lampshade frame enamelled in a bright color, with narrow end planted firmly in a flowerpot of appropriate size, makes an excellent trainer for climbing and indoor plants.—Mrs. M. Harrison, 41 Eames Avenue, Brooklyn, N.S.W.

Put a china pie-chimney into the centre of the saucepan when boiling milk. The milk boils up through the chimney and down again and won't boil over.—Mrs. W. Milne, Peddar Street, Campbell Town, Tas.

Hems on plastic curtains will sew flatly if a zig-zag stitch is used instead of a straight one.—Mrs. G. O. Bowles, State School, Maroon, via Boonah, Qld.

Brighten up last summer's button-through dresses by stitching rick-rack braid round the button-holes. Use white braid on a colored dress, brightly colored braid on white. The result is a row of sunflowers down the dress.—Mrs. E. James, 195 Dalglish Street, Wembley, W.A.

When making roller towels for your kitchen, use press-studs instead of joining with a seam. They can be opened out for washing and will dry quicker.—Miss R. McIntosh, 40 Nicholson Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.

NICE CHILDREN aren't always the best

By VIVIAN CADDEN

● Everywhere there are mothers and young children you will hear the words: "Now, Johnny, that's not a very nice thing to say."

THERE is Johnny, aged five, just out of school, remarking that his teacher is "grumpy" and "looks like a crocodile" or that there is a boy in his class who is "awfully dumb."

"Johnny," says mother (or Grandma or Daddy), "that's not a nice way to talk."

Well, I don't want my children to be nice.

I want them to know a grumpy teacher from a pleasant one, a crocodile from a Rembrandt, and a smart boy from a not-so-smart one.

I want them to be aware of the differences among people, to be critical, to make judgments, to like and dislike, to approve and disapprove.

I hope they will have the capacity for admiration and respect, and the capacity also for criticism and discrimination.

Let me say right away that I have no patience with children who behave like little savages, who insult people, hurt their feelings, and ridicule them to their face.

The seven-year-old who tells a visiting adult to "stop talking with your mouth full" is neither cute nor bright. He is simply rude.

Even the smallest child can begin to learn that good manners are, at the very least, essential for living among people.

But I want my children to feel no obligation to have uniformly pleasant and polite thoughts.

And I hope that they will be able to express even their most outrageous observations within the framework of the family, just as I hope that when they are older they will be able to speak freely to those they love.

Discussion

In our family the dinner hour is an occasion for wild admiration, polite applause, and mixed notices about people, events, and things.

It is also an occasion for large-scale character dissection and the boisterous demolition of sacred cows, both national and local.

If our 10-year-old boy remarks that our best friend's son is a "nut" there is genuine interest in this comment. We are not impressed with the off-hand, name-calling, but, far from wishing to change the subject, we all feel that it is worth pursuing.

Why does he think that Freddy is a nut?

After our son has graphically illustrated Freddy's "nutteness" we may bring other material to bear on the

subject — if we have it. We may point out that Freddy, although somewhat wild, is often amusing, if this happens to be so.

Or we may note that while Freddy is undoubtedly a nuisance in that he always manages to break up a game by not observing the rules, he is pretty good to talk to alone.

Or we may all end up by enthusiastically seconding the motion that Freddy is indeed an all-round nut as far as we can judge.

Advantages

We see no reason for avoiding a frank, critical evaluation of Freddy — or the local M.P., or the man at the supermarket who is rude to children, or the man in the dry-cleaning shop who obviously loves them.

And this kind of discussion can take place with four-year-olds as well as 10-year-olds.

What are the advantages of encouraging children to notice, to criticise, and to differentiate, and of adults speaking their minds pretty freely on controversial subjects before the children?

First, let me mention some of the disadvantages of not doing so. If, when your children are very young, you stifle your right and their right to anything but the mildest, most banal observations about people and things, then it is difficult when they are older to suddenly start to exercise those rights.

I know parents who have reared their children to hear no evil, see no evil, and certainly speak no evil.

All policemen are friendly, all little girls are cute, and all schools are peopled by wise, fair-minded teachers.

Yet when their children reach their teens these parents feel that they must comment critically — about their children's associates, about questionable friends or practices.

Their children suddenly feel badgered and nagged and resentful of this intrusion.

If my teenage daughter brings a boy into the house he is entitled to the same courtesy that we try to extend to every guest, whether child or adult.

But after he has left I am not obliged to give up the right I have always cherished to praise him, disparage him, question his character, his looks, or his brains.

And because all of us have always held that right dear, I don't think it seems to my daughter that I am picking on her or her generation or her friend or her prerogatives if I remark that that young man with the abortive beard and

unwashed face who has just departed does not strike me as being particularly attractive.

My children have an equal right to evaluate my friends as they choose, and I don't consider it disrespectful as long as they, too, extend the courtesies we all require in our home.

If you forgo your right to criticism and differentiation when the children are young it is rather difficult to explain as they get older that this is not the best of all possible worlds and that there are certain dangers in it.

Little Suzy, aged nine, brought up to believe that all people are nice and that all grown-ups are to be respected,

in any noticeable, embarrassing or questionable ways.

We are dreadfully concerned lest they be disliked or unpopular and we worry if they show any odd tendencies.

We don't want them to be shy or bookish or non-athletic, to hate dancing or love solitude, to be tomboys if they are girls, or read poetry if they are boys.

The list of ways in which we would like our children to conform varies with each set of parents, but what it really means is that we want our children to be "nice" — i.e., just like everyone else in certain ways.

The trouble is that we also have a list of ways in which

opinionated about controversial subjects and did not hesitate to voice their opinions before the children.

They found, too, that most of these later-famous children held an extremely low opinion of their schools and their teachers when they were young.

Rather than coming home with reverent remarks about school or accepting their teachers' words as gospel, they apparently complained freely about their schooling, as their parents complained about what displeased them.

Even if we are not engaged in trying to rear a Winston Churchill or a Shakespeare, we do hope that our children will do well in school and

pier if he didn't inquire about such matters.

But a child sees or he doesn't see, he observes or he doesn't observe, he makes judgments or accepts the judgments of others, he thinks for himself or he does not think for himself.

And grown-ups cannot rope off all the areas in which he is allowed to think and the areas where he is forbidden.

He can learn very early that there is a time and a place and a company in which to express these thoughts, but if he cannot express them to anyone he soon learns to bury them altogether or carry them around as guilty baggage.

There are risks, of course, in encouraging a child to develop and sharpen his critical outlook, and the risks are so disturbing, in fact, that many of us prefer not to take the chance.

The risk is not the obvious one that first comes to mind — that we may produce an uncouth child. True tact and thoughtfulness (as distinguished from mere good manners) come not from the pretence that all people are alike but from an acute and sensitive awareness of differences.

Challenge

No, the danger is not that a critical child will be unpleasant.

The danger is that the child who learns to search may turn his curious, observant, independent look upon us and find that we are less than perfect.

As he grows older his inquiring glance may fall upon our dearly held religious faith, our moral values, our community standards, our political beliefs — upon the ideas that we ourselves prefer not to question.

Questioning is dangerous, and many people prefer to clamp the lid on entirely and rear a child who does not question, who is uniformly respectful of adult opinion, who never talks back, who never even thinks back.

Well, we make our choice — and I can't really criticise those who make a choice that is different from mine and try to rear a "nice," conforming, accepting, respectful child.

But it seems to me to be a wonderful and exciting challenge to try to bring up a child who thinks for himself, who notices, discriminates, observes, invents, and judges.

And if our faith and beliefs, our moral standards and judgments are strong enough and right enough — freely expressed and conscientiously acted upon — we need have no fear in subjecting them to the critical, irreverent, fresh scrutiny of a child.



● Some parents rear their children to hear no evil, see no evil, and certainly speak no evil.

will have a hard time understanding what you are driving at when you warn her against going into the park by herself.

I have seen lengthy, worried articles on the question of how you can explain to youngsters that there are some people who may harm them.

It isn't really very difficult if children have always known that the world is made up of many different kinds of people, some of them admirable, some not so admirable, and all of them worth observing with a critical eye.

The major disadvantage, however, in cultivating the "nice" child and encouraging him to be blind to differences among people is that you inevitably create the impression that there is a virtue in all people being alike.

And if it's wrong or shameful or unmentionable for other people to be different, how can a child afford to be different himself?

Actually, of course, many of us don't want our children to be different — at least, not

we would like our children to be different.

We all dream that our children will excel in school, that we may rear an Einstein, a Nobel Prize scientist, a ballet dancer, or a boy who will grow up to become Prime Minister.

Unfortunately, we can rarely have it both ways. The qualities that make a brilliant student, a good scientist, a successful businessman are those very qualities of observation, of critical, quizzical, odd outlooks that "nice" children don't have or have been taught to suppress.

Child-study

Recently a noted psychologist, Dr. Victor Goertzel, and his research-assistant wife did a study of the childhoods of 400 world-famous figures. They were trying to find out how these children who later made such a mark on the world were brought up.

They found that almost all of them were reared in families where parents were highly

that they will have pleasure and confidence in their own judgment.

All too often, though, we proceed to blunt their desire for knowledge, to stifle their curiosity, and discourage their independent judgment.

Most parents know better than to slap down a child when he asks a question like "What makes it rain?" That's a nice, safe question, and we are pleased that he asked it. It shows an inquiring mind.

But suppose he asks "Is Bobby going to go to Hell because his mother doesn't go to church?"

Or suppose he observes that his arithmetic teacher plays favorites, that Grandma loses her temper with Grandpa, and that you were telling a lie when you dismissed the vacuum-cleaner salesman by saying you had a cake in the oven?

These questions and observations also show an inquiring mind, but likely as not he will get an answer or an evasion that tells him that everyone would be much hap-



UNUSUAL SALAD combination of tossed shredded vegetables and fish forms this sea slaw above.

£5 prize for fish salad

● A New South Wales reader wins the £5 main prize this week for an unusual sea slaw salad which forms an easy-to-make meal.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a rhubarb chiffon mixture which is filled into a honey-flavored cereal crust, and a cucumber salad mould.

All spoon measurements are level.

SEA SLAW

One pound fresh or frozen fish fillets, 2 cups shredded lettuce, 2 cups shredded cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded carrot, 1 small finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green pepper (chopped), 2-3rd cup mayonnaise, 1-3rd cup yoghurt or sour cream, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, lettuce.

If using frozen fish fillets, allow to

thaw first. Place fish under hot grill and cook, turning occasionally. Cut into fine pieces. Combine lettuce, cabbage, carrot, onion, green pepper. Blend mayonnaise with yoghurt or sour cream, lemon juice, vinegar, sugar, and salt, mix into vegetable mixture. Toss in fish. Serve in lettuce-lined bowl.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Hamilton, 37 Kyogle Rd., Kyogle, N.S.W.

RHUBARB CHIFFON TART

Crust: Six cups corn cereal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, pinch salt.

Put corn cereal into large greased bowl and crush a little. Warm honey, sugar, and salt over low heat, cook very slowly to 246deg. F. or until a little mixture placed in cold water forms firm ball. Add butter, pour quickly over cereal, stir quickly and lightly until all flakes are coated. Pour into greased tart-plate, press mixture against base and sides with wooden spoon, making coating as even as possible. Chill well.

Filling: Three cups rhubarb (cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pieces), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 egg-yolks, few sprigs mint, 2 egg-whites, extra 4 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt.

Cook rhubarb with sugar, salt, ginger, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the water until tender (about 3 minutes). Place few sprigs mint in hot mixture, leave stand few minutes. Meanwhile, soften gelatine in remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, then dissolve in hot rhubarb mixture, remove mint. Beat egg-yolks, add few tablespoons of hot mixture, stir well, and turn into remaining mixture; mix well. Chill until beginning to thicken. Beat egg-whites with salt until very stiff, gradually add extra sugar. Fold in rhubarb mixture. Pile into chilled tart-shell.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Denman, Yegana, West Tamar, Tas.

CUCUMBER RING MOULD

Two tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cold water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 large green cucumbers, 2oz. cream cheese, 1 cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, green coloring.

Soften gelatine in lemon juice and cold water, then dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and salt. Cut 9 paper-thin slices from one of the cucumbers for decoration. Mince remainder of cucumbers with skin on, place bowl under mincer to catch juice. Mix cucumber, softened cream cheese, mayonnaise, onion, and parsley, and stir in 1 cup of gelatine mixture. Color remaining jelly pale green, pour in enough to come $\frac{1}{2}$ in. up sides on 8 in. ring-tin which has been rinsed out with cold water. Chill until set. Overlap cucumber slices on top, pour over remaining green jelly carefully, chill again until set. Pour in cream mixture, chill until firm. Loosen mould and invert on platter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Price, Imbil, Mary Valley Line, Qld.



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A WELL-STOCKED PICNIC BASKET and a bright, sunny day with your family and friends round you will all go together to make the picnic a day to remember. Pictured above are coconut picnic squares, carried in the tin they were baked in, and garden salad.

PLANNING A PICNIC

A little forethought and preparation the day before
can make opening the picnic basket one of the exciting
and satisfying highlights of a day in the open air.

INTERESTING foods, attractively arranged and well packed, make the simplest picnic a gala occasion and will be fully appreciated by those whose appetites are sharpened by a day outdoors.

Recipes in this feature are planned specially for picnics, and include an unusual meat loaf that can be sliced and eaten with a tossed salad, cool chicken and ham mould, egg surprises, summer soup kept chilled by carrying in a vacuum flask, a simple cake with grilled coconut topping, and an apple pie.

All spoon-measurements are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all our recipes. Quantities are sufficient for six servings.

POTATO-CAPPED MEAT LOAF

One and a quarter pounds minced steak, 4 rashers bacon, 4 tablespoons finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, 2lb. cooked potatoes (mashed and seasoned with salt, pepper, and butter).

Mix meat with finely chopped bacon, onion, breadcrumbs, milk, worcestershire and tomato sauces, a little salt and pepper and mixed herbs. Blend all ingredients well together, pack into-greased loaf-tin, bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until cooked through. Drain off fat, turn loaf on to oven-slide, coat all over with mashed potato. Smooth surface with knife dipped in milk or rough up surface with fork. Return to oven, bake until lightly browned. Serve cold, cut into slices.

SALMON SALAD IN TOMATO CUPS

One can salmon or fish cutlets, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 6 large firm tomatoes, salt, pepper, lettuce.

Drain, flake salmon or other tinned fish. Mix with celery, green pepper, onion or shallot, mayonnaise, lemon juice, sauce, and parsley. Chill 30 minutes. Wash and dry tomatoes, cut wedge-shaped piece from top of each to remove stem end. Cut each tomato in six sections, cutting nearly but not quite through. Place tomatoes on lettuce-leaves, gently spread sections apart. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fill with prepared fish mixture. Wrap each tomato in aluminium foil and carry to picnic.

EGGS IN SALMON JACKETS

One 16oz. can cooking salmon, 6 hard-boiled eggs, 1lb. boiled potatoes, salt, cayenne pepper, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, fine dried breadcrumbs, fat or oil for cooking.

Drain salmon, remove bones, mash or flake finely. Shell eggs carefully, mash potatoes. Combine salmon, potatoes, salt, cayenne, lemon rind, and parsley, mix well. With lightly floured hands mould coating of salmon round each egg. Pat firmly into shape with flour, brush with egg-glazing, roll in breadcrumbs. Lower in basket into deep pan of heated fat or oil, fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper, allow to cool. Carry to picnic in aluminium foil, serve with wedges of lemon.

TOSSED GARDEN SALAD

Half a small cabbage (shredded finely), 1 small lettuce (shredded), 1 carrot (coarsely grated), 1 onion (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 thinly sliced cucumber, 3 tomatoes (cut into small wedges).

Combine all ingredients, toss lightly. Place in wooden salad bowl, cover with plastic or aluminium foil for easy carrying to the picnic. When ready to serve, pour over the following dressing:

Dressing: One dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup salad oil, 1/3rd cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic.

Place sugar, mustard, salt, pepper, and garlic into glass jar, pour in oil and vinegar. Cover securely, shake vigorously until well mixed. Remove garlic. This dressing can be left in jar until required.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

One and a half dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 4 cups chicken stock or chicken broth, 1 cup chopped pressed ham, 1 cup cooked chopped chicken or rabbit, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salad ingredients.

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling broth. When cold but not set, fold in ham and chicken, celery, onion, sauce, and mayonnaise. Fill into wetted mould, chill until firm. Carry to picnic in mould in portable ice-box and unmould just before serving. Cut into wedges, serve with salad.

Continued overleaf

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



CAKE OF THE MONTH

● The "congratulations" cake shown above is an attractive centrepiece for a party to celebrate engagements, success in examinations, or graduations.

BELOW are directions for moulding the yellow daffodils, blue daisies, and fuchsias on the cake.

To make these flowers use half quantity soft fondant and one quantity of following:

One teaspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon solid white shortening, 3 dessertspoons water, 8oz. sifted icing-sugar.

Mix gelatine and water together, add shortening, stir over low heat until gelatine dissolves. Cool, stir in icing-sugar.

Knead well together this mixture and the soft fondant until thoroughly mixed. Keep mixture covered while moulding flowers because icing dries out quickly. Color mixture with food coloring as required. Dust small quantity icing-sugar on fingers.

Blue Daisies: Roll out small quantity of

blue fondant on board lightly dusted with icing-sugar. Cut strips about 1½ in. long and ¼ in. deep, mark each strip into 8 sections and cut down about ¼ in. Lift up in fingers and roll gently, pressing back cut edges to form petals. Pinch each petal lightly at tips. With yellow fondant form centre by rolling small piece into ball and fitting into centre of petal, securing with little egg-white or royal icing if necessary. Flatten slightly, prick all over with pin to roughen. Cut back section of flower to length required, insert wire if desired.

Daffodils: Mould trumpet of daffodil first in deep shade of yellow fondant, following directions given in previous lesson on moulding Christmas bells.

Cut 6 petals from paler yellow, attach round the trumpet base with egg-white or little royal icing. In centre of trumpet arrange short stamens, attach each with royal icing. Smooth off back of flowers, insert wire.

Fuchsias: Mould 5 small flat petals, interlock these round finger-tip so they form deep colored fuchsia centre. With paler colored fondant cut 5 pointed outer petals, attach in similar manner to daffodils section. Place long stamens in centre of flower, using little royal icing if necessary. Very deep colors for fuchsias must be painted on the dried flowers.

Cream butter well, add evaporated milk, beat in sugar, and then fold in shredded coconut and orange rind.

PICNIC HAM ROLLS

Six long fresh bread rolls, 6 slices pressed ham (or any other luncheon meat desired), 2 cups diced cooked potato, 1 small finely chopped onion, ½ cup diced unpeeled cucumber, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, salt, pepper, ½ cup mayonnaise.

Scoop out a little of the centre of each bread roll. Cut three of the ham slices in halves, line each roll cavity with ham. Cut remaining ham finely, combine with cooked diced potato, onion, cucumber, and mint. Season to taste with salt and pepper, mix in mayonnaise. Pile mixture into each roll, wrap in aluminium foil to carry to the picnic.

PIQUANT TOMATO CUP

One large can tomato juice, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ cup chopped shallots, salt, pepper.

Combine tomato juice with lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, sugar, and shallots; season well with salt and pepper. Chill well in refrigerator. Pour into vacuum flask.

APPLE ALMOND TURNOVERS

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 lb. cooking apples (peeled and cored), 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon water, grated rind ½ lemon, 1 oz. butter, 1oz. whole blanched almonds, 2oz. ground almonds, 1 egg-white, castor sugar.

Place thinly sliced apples in saucepan with sugar, water, and lemon rind; cook gently until soft and pulpy. Add butter, chopped almonds, ground almonds, and mix well. Allow to become cold. Roll out pastry thinly, cut in 4 in. squares. Place little apple mixture in centre of each, moisten edges, fold in half diagonally. Pinch edges together, glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with castor sugar. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve cold.

LESSON 45: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

PICKLES, CHUTNEYS, SAUCES

—Sweet, Sour, and Spicy

PICKLES, chutneys, and sauces made from fruits and/or vegetables preserved with vinegar are served as accompaniments to meats and salads and used to flavor and garnish savory dishes. Chutney is a traditional accompaniment to curry.

During preparation water is drawn out of fruit and vegetables and replaced by a salt-and-vinegar solution which inhibits growth of the bacteria, yeasts, and moulds that cause fermentation. Any bacteria, yeast, or mould already present is destroyed by heat during cooking.

When flavor of vinegar predominates, pickles are classed as sour pickles; sugar is added for sweet pickles.

Hot, spicy, sweet chutneys need long, slow cooking to make mixture smooth, mellow, and thick.

For sauces and ketchups, fruits and/or vegetables are cooked to a pulp with vinegar and flavorings, then rubbed through a strainer to make a smooth sauce. Popular examples are tomato and plum sauces and mushroom ketchup.

INGREDIENTS

Vegetables, Fruit: Fresh, crisp, in season, barely ripe, in good condition; tomatoes for tomato sauce should be fully ripe and soft, but not over-ripe; vegetables of inferior quality do not keep; if wilted, will not absorb pickling solution well.

Vinegar: Essential ingredient, used plain or spiced; use good-quality brewed malt vinegar; for light colored vegetables use white, wine, or cider vinegar.

To Prepare Spiced Vinegar: Tie selected spices in muslin, add to vinegar with sugar. Bring to boil, leave standing 1 hour or until cold. Remove spice bag.

Spices and Herbs: Volatile oils in whole or ground spices improve flavor; these include allspice, caraway, cardamom, cinnamon, cloves, curry, ginger, mustard, mace or nutmeg, pepper (black, white, peppercorns, cayenne), saffron, turmeric (which gives color as well as flavor).

Herbs for pickling include basil, bayleaves, capers, celery seeds, chives, dill (especially for pickled cucumbers or dill pickles), marjoram, mint, parsley, rosemary, tarragon, thyme.

EQUIPMENT

Aluminium or enamel-lined vessels; wooden spoon for stirring and mixing flavoring and

thickening ingredients; glass jars with wax for sealing or plastic screw tops; bottles for sauce with corks or wax, or both, for sealing.

Note: Do not use unlined copper pans; or metal tops for jars or bottles; or pans which are used for jam-making.

METHODS

MIXED PICKLES

Wash selected fruits and vegetables thoroughly, peel if necessary; cut into small pieces, leave small onions whole. Draw out excess water by brining:

a. **Dry Brining:** For watery vegetables, such as cucumber, marrow, green tomatoes. Sprinkle salt thickly between layers of vegetables in glass or earthenware dish, stand 12 to 24 hours.

b. **Wet Brining:** For firm dry vegetables, such as onions, cauliflower, etc. Make brine with 4oz. salt to 1 pint cold water, pour over vegetables, stand 12 to 24 hours.

After brining pour off water, rinse to remove excess salt, drain. Barely cover with vinegar, add flavoring ingredients (spices, sugar, etc.). Boil gently until vegetables are crisply tender. Bottle and seal.

MUSTARD PICKLES

When vegetables are crisply tender add a mixture of mustard, curry powder, flour, and turmeric blended with vinegar. Simmer 10 minutes longer, bottle, and seal.

CLEAR PICKLES

Pack par-boiled vegetables, such as onions, cauliflower sprigs, or raw vegetables, such as shredded red cabbage, into sterilised jars, filling to within 1 in. of the top. Pour over spiced vinegar to cover, seal.

CHUTNEY

Wash selected fruits and vegetables, peel if necessary. Mince or chop finely, place in pan with vinegar, sugar, and spices. Simmer 1 to 3 hours or until very thick. Bottle and seal. Long, slow cooking is necessary to develop good flavor.

SAUCES AND KETCHUPS

Wash fruit and vegetables, cut up roughly; place in pan with vinegar and flavorings. Cook to a pulp, rub through strainer. Boil again until mixture reaches desired consistency. Bottle and seal.

BOTTLING, SEALING

Fill pickles and chutneys into clean, dry, heated, wide-necked jars.

Make jars completely airtight with plastic (not metal) screw-tops; or wax, or use patent jars.

Close sauce bottles with tightly fitting scalded corks, then dip neck of bottle and cork in melted wax to complete seal.

Store in cool, dry place.

RECIPES FOR SAVORY PRESERVES

PICKLED ONIONS

Small silverskin pickling onions, sufficient white vinegar to cover onions, small red chillies; for every quart of vinegar allow 1oz. whole peppercorns, 6 cloves, 1 tablespoon salt, 1oz. ground ginger, blade mace, 1 cup sugar.

Peel onions, cover with brine (4oz. salt to 1 pint water), stand overnight. Rinse and drain. Place in pan with boiling water to cover, simmer 5 minutes. Drain, arrange in jars with red chilli in each. Prepare vinegar; boil vinegar, peppercorns, cloves, salt, ginger, mace, and sugar 10 minutes. Strain, cool, pour over onions, filling jars to top. Seal.

INDIAN CHUTNEY

Six large green apples, 3 green tomatoes, 3 medium onions, ½ lb. dates, ½ cup raisins or sultanas, 1oz. ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2oz. salt, ½ lb. brown sugar, 1 pint vinegar.

Peel and wash apples, tomatoes, and onions. Chop apples and tomatoes finely. Slice onions thinly. Place in pan with chopped dates, raisins, all flavoring ingredients, and vinegar. Cook gently, stirring occasionally, until very thick and brown in color 2 to 3 hours. Fill into heated jars, seal when cold.

MUSTARD PICKLES

One large or 2 medium cauliflowers, 1½ lb. small pickling onions, ½ lb. french beans, 4 large gherkins, sufficient vinegar to cover vegetables, ½ cup golden syrup, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon allspice, 4 to 5 cloves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, blade mace, 2 bayleaves, 2 tablespoons

curry powder, 2 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 2 tablespoons rice flour or cornflour, extra vinegar.

Wash and prepare all vegetables; break cauliflower into small sprigs, peel and chop onions, string and chop beans, chop gherkins. Place in large bowl, sprinkle well with salt, leave overnight. Rinse and drain. Measure sufficient vinegar to cover, place in pan with syrup, salt, allspice; tie cloves, peppercorns, mace, bayleaves in muslin bag and add. Bring to boil, add vegetables, cook 20 minutes or until crisply tender. Remove spice bag. Add curry powder, mustard, turmeric, rice flour or cornflour blended with extra vinegar. Stir into vegetable mixture, simmer further 10 minutes. Bottle into heated jars, seal when cold.

TOMATO SAUCE

Four large green apples, 4 large onions, 6lb. ripe tomatoes, 1 clove of garlic, 1½ pints vinegar, 3 tablespoons salt, 1½ lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1½ teaspoons allspice, 1 doz. cloves.

Peel and core apples, chop roughly. Peel and chop onions, chop unpeeled tomatoes. Place in preserving pan with finely minced garlic, add vinegar. Simmer gently 1 hour. Rub through strainer, return to pan with salt, sugar, peppers, allspice, and cloves, tied in muslin. Simmer 1 hour longer or until thickened to desired consistency. Remove cloves, bottle sauce into clean, hot bottles. Seal with scalded corks, then dip tops of bottles and corks in melted wax.

NEXT WEEK: Basic rules of diet

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1962



Cube your Kraft Cheddar

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This is the cheese that cubes easily, smoothly everytime. The mellow Cheddar flavour blends in perfectly with other foods, and provides an appetising lift to your salads. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese . . . that's why Kraft Cheddar is so rich in strengthening protein, essential vitamins and minerals. Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz., 1 lb and family-size 2 lb. packets. Also in 1 oz. portions.

Serve these

CRISP, SATISFYING SUMMER SALADS

WALDORF SALAD

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced apple; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery; 1 tablespoon coarsely chopped walnuts; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup lemon or orange juice; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon Kraft Mayonnaise; 1 unpeeled red apple, cut into wedges; 4 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cubed; lettuce, additional Kraft Mayonnaise, if liked.

Method: Cover the diced apple and apple wedges with the lemon or orange juice and let stand for a few minutes. Drain and combine diced apple with the celery, Kraft Cheddar Cheese cubes, walnuts and salt. Add Kraft Mayonnaise and mix lightly. Place salad in a mound on a lettuce-lined plate. Decorate with apple wedges. Serve with additional Kraft Mayonnaise if liked. 4 to 5 servings.

RICE AND CHEDDAR SALAD

Ingredients: 1 cup cooked rice ($\frac{1}{3}$ cup raw); 2 tomatoes, cut into wedges; 1 cup cooked peas; 2 teaspoons finely chopped spring onions; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cubed; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup diced celery; 1 teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; 4-5 lettuce leaves; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Method: Combine the rice, tomato wedges, peas, spring onion, parsley, Kraft Cheddar Cheese, celery and seasoning. Toss until well blended. Chill. Serve in lettuce leaves and top each with a spoonful of Kraft Mayonnaise. 4-5 servings.

FROM THE **KRAFT** KITCHEN

KR218

**Bad News
for Flies!**



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'Savlon' Cream prevents infection and
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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● It seems such bliss to wake in the morning not to the sound of the alarm and the traffic and people hurrying past in the street, but to the cheerful noise of the hens and the slow sound of the cows coming up through the paddock toward the milking shed.

I KNOW, I know, somebody's going to say "You wouldn't think it was such bliss if you had to get up and feed the hens and milk the cows every morning."

Perhaps I wouldn't—but I'm not altogether convinced of that.

I know that the curse of cows is that they're no respecters of the Sabbath and that no one can ever sleep in when there are cows to milk and hens and pigs to feed.

Early-morning milking when it's cold and muddy and you get swished across an icy face by a wet tail is admittedly not my idea of a beautiful beginning to the day, but there are compensations for all that.

I've lived in town for so long that I was afraid that the Cranes' farm might be mechanised beyond my recognition; it was quite a relief to find four cows still milked by hand, the same maddening old separator with its millions of bits to be washed and scalded, the same old slow-ticking clock that used to be a part of every country kitchen, the same solitary blowfly that always gets in through the wire door and zooms lazily round and round the kitchen on hot afternoons when the washing-up is done and the whole landscape seems to be flattened and pressed down by the weight of the afternoon sun.

The Cranes' is an old farmhouse, with all its inconsistencies and waste passageways and its beautiful old wide verandahs on three sides of the house.

But electricity means good refrigeration instead of the old kero type that gave up the ghost when the weather got really hot and a stove that doesn't roast you alive on summer days when the men still demand a hot midday meal.

Hard work and plenty of worries

HELEN and Max have quite a small farm and, like all small farmers, they have more hard work and more worries than city people realise.

We've got into the habit of thinking that in these prosperous times country people make so much money that they buy a new car when the ashtrays are full on the old one.

That might be true if you've got a million acres, but not when you've got a thousand. In the late afternoons I have taken over the watering job. A year ago the Cranes had a bad fire through the farm.

Now all the fences have been renewed and Max has a host of new young trees growing inside protective stakes and netting to replace the windbreaks burnt in the fire.

My clash with

Montague

THE watering is done with a big square tank mounted permanently on an old dray and with the help of an ancient and eccen-

tric carthorse (the only survivor now that a tractor has taken over most of the work) called Montague.

Montague is a beast. He's an old snow-white horse with magnificent great eyes that look like fringed fern pools and long yellow teeth that he shows in a perpetual sneer.

The sneer deepened and Montague got my measure the first time I tried to harness him to the dray.

Max had offered to hitch him up for me, but I said, "No, don't be silly; I can do it with my eyes shut."

Maybe it would have been better if I'd tried it that way! The hames had me bothered—I couldn't for the life of me remember which way up they went.

Montague had a sardonic look in his eye while he watched me trying to work this out, and when I went to put them on (having got them the right way up by sheer good luck) Montague stepped ponderously forward, cleverly bringing his near front hoof and the entire weight of his body down on my foot.

I pleaded with him and I pushed at him and I pulled at his fetlock, but Montague seemed to have gone to sleep.

Finally, when the bones in my foot seemed to be being ground into powder, I slapped him smartly on the cheek and he withdrew his foot and went into a prolonged sulk.

I thought the whole thing had been an accident, but Max roared with laughter and told me that this is one of Montague's specialities.

For the past five days he has spent every moment of our watering-time trying to get me again, but I foil him by always approaching his front end at an angle like the leaning tower of Pisa.

No use arguing with a horse

MONTAGUE has firm ideas about which trees should be watered on which days and about how long the hose should be left running on each.

At first I had the stupid idea that I should be the judge of that, but there's not much future in arguing with a horse while it's wandering off with the dray, trailing a running hose behind it.

He has made it perfectly plain that he thinks he knows far more about farm life than I do. I think there's quite a chance he might be right.

This is the best holiday I've had for many years.

I love the country and I love the country people with their slower ways and their poker-face humor.

The way my leg is continually being pulled by Max and the boys and stood on by Montague it'll be a wonder if I'm not lamed for life.

I keep remembering that old saying "God made the country and man made the towns." As far as I'm concerned that about sums it up.



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CROCHET-TRIMMED HANDKERCHIEFS

● A delicate rose design is used to decorate these pretty handkerchiefs. Directions are given below.

THESE crochet-trimmed handkerchiefs in fine linen or lawn are ideal to make during summer holidays when the needlewoman does not want to undertake a large piece of work. Directions are given for working in threads of two thicknesses—size 60 and size 100.

Materials: One ball Coats Mercer crochet No. 100 and a Milwards steel crochet hook No. 6½ for the fine rose handkerchief.

One ball Coats Mercer crochet No. 60 and a Milwards steel crochet hook No. 5 for the medium-fine rose handkerchief. Instructions for the medium-fine handkerchief are given throughout in brackets.

One plain linen or lawn handkerchief.
Abbreviations: Sl-st., slip-stitch; st., stitch; ch., chain; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet.

CENTRE MEDALLION

Rose (6 petals): 6 ch. tr. into first ch. 3 ch., 1 tr. into same place as last tr. Rep. until there are five spaces. 3 ch., sl-st. into 3rd ch. of 6 ch. loop. 6 spaces.

1st Round: 1 d.c., 5 (4) tr., 1 d.c. into each space. Join round with sl-st. into 1st d.c.

2nd Round: * 5 ch., 1 sl-st. between petals, rep. from * all round, keeping the 5 ch. behind the petals.

3rd Round: 1 d.c., 7 (5) tr., 1 ch. on each 5 ch. loop. Join round with sl-st. into 1st d.c.

4th Round: * 7 ch., 1 sl-st. between petals. Rep. from * all round, keeping 7 ch. behind petals.

5th Round: 1 d.c., 9 (7) tr., 1 d.c. on each 7 ch. loop. Join round with sl-st. into 1st d.c.

6th Round: 7 (6) ch., * 1 d.c. in 3rd (2nd) tr., 4 (3) ch., 1 d.c. on 7th (6th) tr., 4 (3) ch., 1 tr. between petals, 4 (3) ch. Cont. from *. Sl-st. last 4 (3) ch. to 4th (3rd) ch. of first 7 (6) ch.

7th Round: 5 (4) d.c. on each 4 (3) ch. Join round with sl-st. into 1st d.c.

8th Round: 7 (5) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 7 (5) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 1 ch., miss 5 (4) d.c., 1 d.c. Rep. all round, ending with sl-st. into beg. of round.

9th Round: Sl-st. in 1st ch., thread behind picot, sl-st. in next ch. Rep. previous round, joining picot bar between picots on previous row. Join round with sl-st. into 1st sl-st.

10th Round: Sl-st. in 1st ch., thread behind picot, sl-st. in next ch., 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 2 ch., 1 d.c. between picots. Rep. all round. Join round with sl-st. into 1st sl-st. Fasten off No. 60 cotton.

No. 100 cotton. Work two more rounds, repeating round 10. Fasten off.

SIDE MEDALLIONS

(Work two alike)

Work as for centre medallion, finishing at 8th round for No. 60 cotton and 10th round for No. 100 and joining medallions during the working of the last round as follows: 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 2 ch., d.c. between picots, 2 ch., sl-st. into first picot of a scallop on centre medallion, 2 ch., sl-st. into second picot, 2 ch., d.c. in next scallop of side medallion. Join two more picots. When joining second medallion, leave 3 scallops of centre medallion free before commencing join.

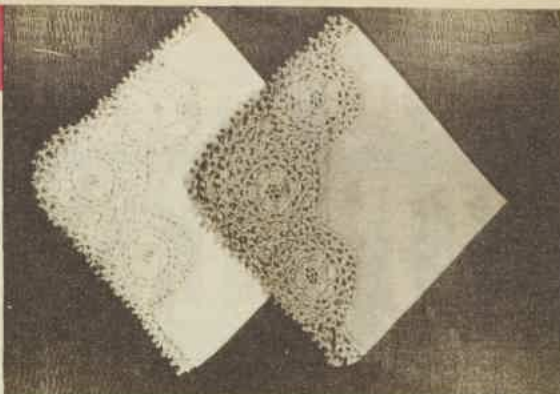
Press crochet and lay in position on the corner of handkerchief and mark round the edge of the medallions. Run a row of small machine stitches over the line marked. Trim round outside the machine stitches. Join thread to shaped corner at right side and crochet all round shaped corner and right round edge of handkerchief. Stitch medallions in place neatly, catching only the picots.

Round 2 of Edging (work the first picot bar very tightly to prevent a hole): 7 (5) ch. (work tightly), sl-st. in 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 7 (5) ch., sl-st. in 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 1 ch., 1 d.c. between picots on next scallop, 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook,

8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 2 ch., 1 d.c. between picots on next scallop. Cont. round medallions, working 2 ch., passing from medallion to medallion. On last bar work 7 (5) ch., sl-st. in 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 7 (5) ch., sl-st. in 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 1 ch., 1 d.c. on to handkerchief, 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 8 (6) ch., sl-st. on 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 2 ch., miss 4 (5) d.c. Cont. all round, making corners by: — miss 4

(5) d.c., 1 d.c. on corner, miss 4 (5) d.c. Join round with sl-st. into 1st ch.

Round 3 of Edging: Turn work and sl-st. to between picots. Work as previous round except for the corners, where corner is worked as follows: 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 8 (6) ch., sl-st. into 6th (4th) ch. from hook, 2 ch., 1 d.c. between picots. Complete round and fasten off. Press under a damp cloth.



HANDKERCHIEF at left above is worked in fine thread and the one at right in thicker thread. Three medallions form the main trim.

This is the promise of Ipana Fluoride:



*"The dentist was so pleased with me, Mum
... he didn't have to use the drill once."*

The promise of Ipana Fluoride is simply this: new freedom from tooth decay for all the family. Because Ipana Fluoride toothpaste hardens tooth enamel, locks out tooth decay.

Now, after ten years' dental research, you can give your family this extra protection of Ipana Fluoride, the toothpaste that contains the same active fluoride that dentists paint on teeth—the same fluoride that authorities recommend for addition to public water supplies. Brushing with Ipana Fluoride means that, every time you clean your teeth, you will also harden tooth enamel, lock out tooth decay. Even "soft spots" will be strengthened and protected.

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Hardens tooth enamel, locks out tooth decay!

9M273/61

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REAL VINEGAR IS MADE FROM GRAPES



COLONIAL WINDOWS add distinction to this lovely home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. J. Preston, of Forestville, N.S.W. It was adapted from Plan No. 907.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

- The attractive home pictured above belongs to Mr. and Mrs. J. Preston, of Forestville, N.S.W.

THIS house, just under 12 squares, is ideal for a wide, shallow block, but it could be built lengthways on a narrow site.

"I think the most attractive feature of our house is the windows," said Mrs. Preston.

"We like Colonial furniture, and the windows give

the house just the right atmosphere for it."

Mr. and Mrs. Preston's house was slightly modified from Plan No. 907. The style of the windows was changed from all-the-way-round French to Colonial and the large fireplace and chimney was omitted. The floor plan remained unchanged.

"We love the plan," said Mrs. Preston. "It's compact, and yet there's a feeling of spaciousness. And, most important, it's easy to keep clean."

A steeply pitched tiled roof has wide eaves which extend over the windows to give shade.

There are three large bedrooms, each with built-ins — "We'll have ours built in later on," said Mrs. Preston — and the bathroom is close to all three rooms. The toilet is separate from the bathroom.

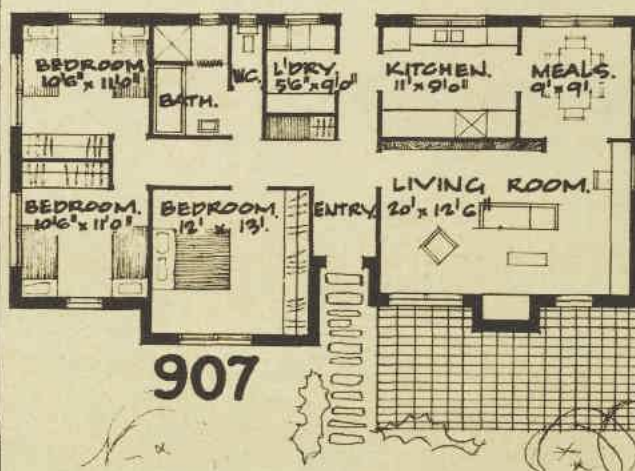
A small laundry has direct access to the back-yard and is next to the kitchen.

Laundry door

"At first we thought we'd rather have the back door leading from the kitchen," said Mrs. Preston, "but we've found having the door from the laundry is a good idea in wet weather."

A small dining-area opens directly into a spacious living-room 20ft. by 12ft. 6in.

Plan No. 907 can be built in brick or timber. In brick the area will be 12.6 squares and in timber 11.8 squares.



FLOOR PLAN shows rectangular design with bedrooms and bathroom at one end of the house and living - area at the other.

How to use our service

We offer the choice of thousands of different designs based on our basic plans. Secure our series of booklets and choose the house which most nearly fits your needs. Our architects will alter the selected plan to fit in with your wishes and to suit your site. The full plans and specifications can cost as little as £10/10/-.

Send coupon now for further information. If you contemplate building a home, this service can save you a lot of money. THIS IS A COMPLETE ARCHITECT-DIRECTED HOME-DESIGN SERVICE FOR YOUR USE, and all normal architect services are available.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

Phone or call at your local Centre at—
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OR FILL IN COUPON BELOW AND POST IT TO YOUR NEAREST HOME PLANNING CENTRE.

COUPON

Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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ADDRESS

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- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
- ☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

● A Brisbane mother this week tells how resentment of an unhelpful husband threatened to spoil her marriage, and how she reorganised her entire domestic life to cope with the problem.

"MY HUSBAND WON'T HELP ME"

● I suppose most brides enter marriage in a rose-colored haze, imagining that only the wedding ceremony is necessary to make an ideal marriage.

I was no exception.

WE were truly in love, but I quickly found that my husband loathed housework—and by housework I mean the "helping hand" which modern women have come to expect from their partners.

He wasn't lazy. I suppose his mother was to blame. Being a Scotswoman, she had waited on her sons hand and foot and had taught her two daughters to do the same.

When he married, he simply expected me to carry on with the good work.

For years I was unhappy, not because I was desperately overworked, but because everything was left for me to do on my own.

Even when I asked him to wipe up the dinner dishes he always had an excuse. Or he would say to leave them and he'd do them afterwards, knowing very well that when the draining-board became full of dishes I would dry them myself.

I hated Monday mornings in particular, as everything he used during the weekend, including papers and clothes, would be festooned over everything. I'm ashamed to admit it now, but I've even been guilty of kicking his

shoes under the bed because I was so tired of picking them up and putting them away.

We had only the one child, but if I'd been up on the roof when she needed a nappy change my husband would have brought her up to me to do this.

If I ever succeeded in getting him to do a painting job or a little carpentry it was never finished, as he invariably tired of it.

In his favor I must admit that he worked hard at his job and earned a fairly good salary. He always gave me enough housekeeping money and he never criticised my management of it.

Years ago this irked me, too, as I felt that we should have planned the spending of it together. But whenever I suggested this, he told me "to please myself."

I suppose you could say that, though I was not actively unhappy, I did feel that our marriage had missed the heights because of my husband's non-acceptance of his part in the home management. There was a hard core of resentment in my heart because of this.

Then, because of ill-health, my mother came for a long visit. When I allowed my resentment to show one Monday morning, she did agree with

HOME AND FAMILY

me that John could and should do more around the house, but that as he had so many other good points she considered I had little cause for complaint.

"Think of the drunken or nagging husbands many women have," she said. "Yet I've never heard him once criticise anything you do and you're not perfect, you know."

"I don't think you'll ever change him and you'll only make yourself miserable trying."

"If you want to be happy, you'll have to do the adjust-

greater working ease, and found that convenient arrangement and the absence of all clutter made housekeeping easier and more pleasant.

I overhauled the kitchen and placed the most commonly used utensils and supplies within easy reach, while the seldom-used utensils and goods were placed on the upper shelves.

I made out menus which were easy to make, eliminating those dishes which used to take up so much of my time in the past, and I found that the family didn't even miss them. Now I make them only on important occasions.

I also used canned fruit more and no longer had long baking sessions. Pre-packaged cakes, pastry, and scone mixes have made life easier for the housewife.

I started off buying as much

always clean and I do not exhaust myself periodically in a week-long bout of spring-cleaning.

I apply this rule to cupboard cleaning also, one morning doing the cutlery drawer, another wiping down the food cupboard shelves, another going over the kitchen chairs and table.

Chores like these can be done when you are engaged on a major project such as washing, and that is an excellent time to do the laundry shelves; and if I'm using the cake-mixer I wash up as I go along so that there'll be no big washup when I am tired later.

Doubling-up on jobs in this way speeds up one's working time and gives one a tremendous sense of achievement as well.

hard to fit in time for my "scribbling," but my mother suggested taking an hour off each day regardless of how many household chores remained to be done.

I did this, and now that my work is lighter, I earn all my pin-money this way.

No, I'll never become famous, as I realise my own limitations. But because it gives my creative side an outlet, I ceased to resent the dull routine of housework or the fact that my husband still prefers to sit (indeed regards it as his right since he earns the daily bread) and relax when and for as long as he chooses in his own home.

Instead of fuming about the housework I have to do, I think of other things as I work, and it's wonderful the inspiration that has come to me over a sinkful of soapy water.

I enter many recipe competitions and have surprised myself at the attractive dishes which I have thought out as I worked and the many original presentations which have come to me for contests.

I also work on a charitable committee in our city, which deals mainly with orphanages, and, believe me, you can't feel resentful and frustrated when you work for orphan children or see the unselfish work which the matrons of such homes do.

Pleasant job

Some women laugh at the idea of reorganising a household, but I found that, once I started on my reform programme, I began to look on my housewife role as a job, and I found I really enjoyed doing it both quickly and well.

My husband has changed little over the years, but I have, although I'm still far from perfect.

I still have a pang sometimes when I see a friend's husband clear the luncheon table when we're on a picnic while my treasure immediately retires to the shade of a tree for a snooze.

I do realise, however, that in his own way my husband loves me deeply, and that in our case the adjustments necessary in every marriage had to be made by me. Once I got over being sorry for myself, my resentment became a thing of the past and I can truly say that I am now a busy and happy wife and mother.

"... So I reorganised my whole home life"

ing, so why not rearrange your working schedule and home life so that it will run smoothly without him taking an active part."

I thought this over and realised that though I had tried hard to change my husband I had failed to "make him over," so that the only thing left was for me to act on my mother's advice. In this way I salvaged my marriage.

Up to this time I'd tried to keep the new house we'd built as near perfect as possible, and it often seemed to me that to do so life was but a repetition of one chore after another. There certainly was never any time for me to indulge in my pre-marriage hobby of "scribbling."

Now I determined "to keep a home instead of a house" in such a way that I, as well as the family, enjoyed living in it. I reappraised my sense of values and discontinued all those time-consuming jobs I'd been doing every week, now doing them only when necessary.

I limited our entertaining to that which we enjoyed and not that which I thought we should do; and what a boon such a decision was to me.

I rearranged the house for

labor-saving equipment as I could afford, until today I have most appliances.

I use table mats for all meals, and if we have children staying in the home, I use a tablecloth for breakfast and luncheon, covering it with a very fine piece of colorless plastic.

I have cut ironing in half by buying no-iron shirts for my husband (these I wash daily together with his underpants, socks, and our nylon underwear), and drip-dry or polished cottons, which need minimum ironing, for my daughter and myself.

Fixed rule

I no longer iron the sheets, and I dry-iron the pillow-slips and tea-towels.

I had washable slip-covers made for the lounge suite and other upholstered furniture and they are really no harder to do up than other household laundry.

I also now have one other inflexible rule as far as the laundry is concerned. Each week I wash one or two extra articles, such as the kitchen curtains and a blanket; next week, a pair of the verandah curtains and a bedspread, etc., and I find that my house is

I next started to organise each coming day, not in a tight schedule but simply to help myself along.

I prepare lunch fillings the night before. I also set the breakfast table, and very often prepare a breakfast dish which needs only reheating or can be quickly cooked.

Thus there is no frantic rush in the morning, with everyone's nerves being torn to shreds.

I adopted a flexible attitude toward the work until I found the days which really suited me for doing the different weekly "musts," such as washing, ironing, and cleaning, etc.

I don't rush to do my ironing during the day, as I quite enjoy doing a small batch at night as I listen to the radio, and family life goes on around me.

I made it a rule that daughter should make her own bed, dust the dressing-table, and in general keep her room reasonably tidy. Now, of course, she sets the dinner table for me, helps dish up, and has taken over the job her father most disliked—wiping up the dinner dishes.

Even with reorganisation, for not all my reforms were adopted at once, I found it

MOTHCRAFT

If baby's not sleeping soundly

● Every baby and young child needs a sufficiency of undisturbed and restful sleep.

WITHOUT it, growth is stunted. Sleep is essential for good nutrition, especially in all young and quickly growing things, as nature carries out the rebuilding and care of the body during sleep.

Overstimulation, overfeeding, underfeeding can cause disturbed sleep.

These and other causes are discussed in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed when ordering.

the elevator, but it was slow, and she was beside him before it came. She was carrying her evening bag and a light fur stole. She had taken off the pink camellia.

She said nothing as they rode down, just smiling when the boy said good evening and when they reached the lobby she remained silent. Ordinarily, she took over the taxi situation, first exchanging "Buona sera" with the doorman, then explaining their destination, which he transmitted to the driver, Mrs. Engel repeating the direction and adding, when they started off, "Not too fast, please." Although she always leaned forward in her seat as if pushing on to an adventure. That night, she left it all to Mr. Engel, and once in the cab, she just settled back.

At the restaurant, it was the same; she bowed to the headwaiter's ebullient greeting as he led them to one of the choice pavement tables, separated from the street only by a plant-lined railing, low enough to give them a view of the great square, which was really a long rectangle.

They could see the fountain, its immense figures writhing below a darkened church, and the people sitting out on the benches, and the inevitable children running and swirling in and out of the shadows like night moths.

Mr. Engel handed her the menu and waited for her to translate for him after consultation with the waiter, but she handed it back to him and said, "I'd like the casserole, and the asparagus—and the ravioli first, of course."

The waiter remembered them. On their first visit, Mrs. Engel had explained that they couldn't eat a whole portion of ravioli apiece. "Non posso," she had said. "American appetite, not Italian."

The waiter had laughed, then, and he laughed now as he reminded her of it, but Mrs. Engel merely nodded. "Yes," she said, "one portion for two."

The waiter bowed, quickly correct again, but she seemed not to notice. She removed her gloves and laid them carefully on the table beside her plate, looking at nothing in particular.

Mr. Engel studied her. Was she angry with him after all, he wondered. Was she giving him the silent

treatment? He knew all her silences, he knew when she was happily silent, when she was broodingly silent, and when she was harboringly silent, but this was none of them.

Their martinis came, and they sipped them; she met his eyes across them calmly, and there was no rancor in her gaze. He was relieved. She wasn't hurt or angry. Perhaps she was tired, although she didn't look it. She looked more the way she did at home after a club meeting or an afternoon's bridge — not tired, but quiet.

She was being sensible about it, he decided, the way he had explained she should be. The waiter understood English, so she was speaking English, and that was all there was to it. Just the same, there was something wrong.

He cast around for conversation. "This is a good place," he said. "I'm glad we came back to Rome."

"It's very pleasant," she said.

"That's right," he said, and immediately realised that it was all wrong; "pleasant" was not a word she had ever used about Rome. It wasn't a word for Rome, anyway, he thought. You could call it lots of things, depending on how it struck you—gaudy, tawdry, battered, dirty, noisy. Or — he groped for unaccustomed adjectives—colorful, maybe, or romantic, but never pleasant. "Pleasant" meant some place clean and bright and impersonal, yet that was what she had said, and she seemed to mean it and be satisfied with it.

They ate the ravioli and the casserole and endured the vagrant musicians who came to stand near them in the street outside — the blind guitarist with his weary dog and his female accomplice, who held a hopeless saucer toward them.

Mr. Engel put some change into it.

"At least they don't come and play at you over the table," he said. He and Mrs. Engel shared a violent distaste for restaurant violinists who yearned at you. "Right into your soup," she had often said.

"No, they don't," she agreed now, without any answering spark.

That was it, thought Mr. Engel; she had no spark. It was as if a lamp had been turned off somewhere in a room; the room wasn't exactly dimmer, you could still see everything, yet you missed something. He looked out at the square, rich in history, dark with the past, lit not with the present.

Voices reached him. The warm night was heavy with them: the voices of mothers and children and of young men who were playing some kind of violent but hilarious game; voices of tourists, Americans like himself, strolling about, only half aware of what they were seeing or where they were.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "God is able to make all grace abound toward you."
(Authorized version.)

● "It is in God's power to provide you richly with every good gift."
(New English Bible.)

— Corinthians 9:28.

That was it, he thought — only half aware. And vaguely it came to him what Mrs. Engel had been trying for. To understand, maybe—to get a little closer to this incomprehensible city. She had been reaching out to it, eagerly aware and now she sat across from him as she might anywhere — in Scarsdale, he thought, or Bronxville — but this was Rome.

The name rolled out in his mind and became a limitless scroll, and it seemed to have its entire length. She had had joy in the very idea of Rome, and he had cut it off; he had subdued her. That was the right word. She wasn't quiet; she was subdued, and he knew now that the last thing he wanted was a subdued Mrs. Engel.

It was time to ask for the check. He signalled to the waiter and took a long breath. "Conto," he said, a little more loudly than he had meant to, "Il conto."

He didn't look at Mrs. Engel, though he felt her sudden look toward him. He counted his change carefully and distributed indiscriminate tips. He collected Mrs. Engel's gloves and bag and walked out to the square with her. They found a bench and sat down. Beside them sat a shapeless woman with a little girl in her arms who had the fragile pale face of a primitive painting.

Mrs. Engel leaned to her. "Bella," she said. "Bellissima."

The woman's face illuminated and she held the child high for them to admire. Mrs. Engel laughed and made the inverted wave. "Ciao," she said, and turned at last to Mr. Engel. Her eyes were alive again and expectant.

Mr. Engel swallowed and waved the child in his own way. "Chow!" he said, and he felt Mrs. Engel's arm through his.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1962

Goya

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in fabulous talc

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in the world, with
costly perfumes that
last and last...
deodorant too, to keep
you fresh as well
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LET'S LAUGH

Continuing . . .

COUNTERFEIT WIFE

from page 23

"Until the execution, my dear," Mr. Baker said, and patted her shoulder.

Elaine spent a strained two hours with the photographer, who kept saying plaintively that a dead pan and watery eyes was no way to sell avoidance of dishpan hands. Afterwards she phoned Harry, broke through Donna's dogged resistance, and waited until she heard his voice.

"If you've called to yell a few extra dirty names," he said, "you needn't bother. I am already convinced I'm the leading heel of this century and about to tell Mr. Baker I'm a liar. I wish I'd let you flatten me with those lamb chops. Elaine, I suppose there's no use attempting to apologise."

"Oh, I boil over easily. That's past. You need the job, and I've decided to be a pal."

"Huh?"

"I'll require an engagement ring and wedding ring to round out my ensemble. Where shall I get them?"

"Good old Elaine," Harry said reverently. "My best friend, I'll have the jewellery sent to you on loan by special messenger. There'll be a selection, so you can pick the right size. And don't worry about the home-cooked meal—I'll have it catered by Mrs. Weiss' Hungarian House around the corner."

"Harry."

"Yes?"

"Nothing. I've been in enough kitchens to have some of the recipes wear off on me. I'll take care of the dinner. Bring red wine. Tell your cleaning woman to set the table."

"They don't construct girls like you any more," Harry's tones were unsteady. "I must make a note of that. My one consolation is that I don't deserve you. Why are you making that funny noise?"

"My blood pressure is down," Elaine said, "and now I have an allergy. I'm allergic to you. I think. So long."

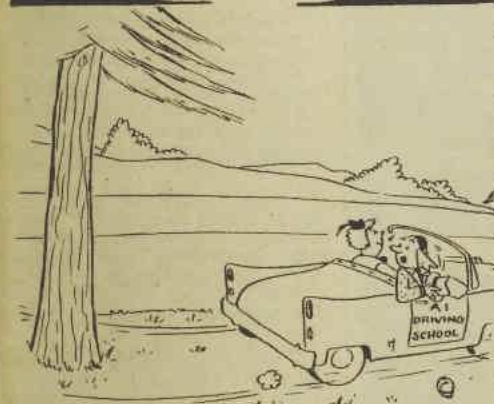
By six o'clock her rings were fitted—the Fifth Avenue jeweller had obviously sent his best—she had made the rounds of the tradesmen, dismissed the helpful cleaning woman, and was firmly and dizzily ensconced in Harry's attractive apartment in the East Sixties.

Her first intention had been to serve some cheap, especially atrocious, prepared food, but something had snapped inside her while she was pacing the market, and a rib roast was in the oven and oysters Rockefeller under preparation.

With feelings as mixed as the cocktails she had put together with aid from a bartender's guide, she lighted candles and ascertained the condition of the baked Alaska in the freezer compartment of the refrigerator. The heel might as well perish on a full stomach, she thought.

Harry appeared at 6.38, thirty-eight minutes behind schedule, sailed his hat across the living-room as Elaine appeared in the dining-room doorway, and walked smilingly up to her. Observing no preliminaries, he took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

To page 50



"Shaggy dog" toothbrushes can harm teeth and gums!



Your teeth need a **NEW**

Tek

ANTI-GERM* TOOTHBRUSH

* The tufts of Tek Anti-germ toothbrushes are specially treated to fight germs . . . not only germs that cling to the tufts after cleaning, but also germs that collect on the brush between uses.

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WOES OF THE TOES SWIFTLY ENDED!

Rub away the misery of sore, tired, aching feet, with this highly successful Continental foot ointment. Get rid of painful bunion-type swellings, protesting muscles or nagging sprains.

Baume Dalet penetrates quickly to the trouble source—letting its healing ingredients give full relief.

Ask your family chemist for—
Baume Dalet—6/- a tube

Baume Dalet . . . A FOOT OINTMENT OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

In spite of various good arguments against it, she clung to him until a warning light flashed on her mental instrument board and bells rang. She pushed him back, and he stared at her queerly, requiring a moment to pull himself together.

"Let's cut that out," Elaine said. She broke away and returned to the kitchen a bit shakily. Of course, it was the confidence man in him; he'd got what he wanted and now he was going to ooze charm. But she had to admit he used the greatest underhand sales pitch she had ever seen.

The Bakers came at one minute past seven. In her haste to join her husband — the illusion was getting more and more perfect — in greeting them, Elaine forgot to remove her apron. She tried to apologise to Mrs. Baker, an unaffected, rotund, middle-aged lady.

"Not a word, please, Mrs. Ashley,"

Mrs. Baker said. "I've seen you a hundred times like that in the illustrations — you look absolutely darling."

"You're white and red now," Mr. Baker said, gazing at Elaine keenly. "How do you manage those delightful color combinations?"

"It's the result of heat from the stove and my low blood pressure," Elaine said. "Excuse me."

She retired to the kitchen, coming back with hot and cold canapés and the cocktails in a silver pitcher. Harry was saying, "We live very simply, Mr. Baker. No night life and carousing for us. Elaine has her housekeeping and I study Spanish and French and catch up on official detail."

Continuing . . . COUNTERFEIT WIFE

from page 49

"A typical American scene," Mr. Baker said, raising his glass. "The young couple entertaining the boss and his wife. Here's to a happy conclusion to our first social meeting, Ashley."

The cocktails and the canapés were pronounced excellent — so was the dinner. Rosden C. Baker and his Lillian beamed, and the conversation was gay. A personification of a delightful host at the head of the table, the condemned man ate heartily.

When they went to the living-room for coffee, and Harry disappeared to rummage in a closet for a bottle of

old brandy, Elaine leaned toward Mr. Baker and hissed, "I can't do it! I haven't got the nerve. I'm living the part."

"Come, come," Mr. Baker said. "Drink some brandy. You've already almost spoiled the affair with the best dinner I've had in years." He winked at her and Mrs. Baker. "As the lone Christian returns to the arena we will release the lions."

"Courage, Miss Brooks," Mrs. Baker said. "We'll murder him."

Dodging Harry's eyes, which expressed surprise and disappointment, Elaine rapidly drank two glasses of brandy. After that, somebody seemed to be rudely pushing her from behind, and she dug an elbow

backward into the chair and assumed a fixed smile.

"We've talked enough to Mr. Ashley," Mrs. Baker said. "Mrs. Ashley is much too modest and silent. Tell me something of your background, my dear."

"Well, there isn't much to relate," Elaine said. "All my records are on file in the Department of Correction, if you care to refer to them. And I've been going straight ever since I married Mr. Ashley."

"How interesting," Mr. Baker said. Harry opened his mouth, failed to speak, and took on a fresh supply of oxygen. To Elaine's astonishment, he seemed groggy, but game.

"My parents are divorced," Elaine said, "and I never got no high-school education. However, they did teach me home economics and how to keep my mouth shut in reformatory. I guess you could call me an ex-juvenile delinquent, although I think holding-up old ladies in Central Park and shoplifting are pretty promising capers for a lousy kid."

"Mr. Ashley and I met when he was studying practical sociology at Yale, and he took an interest in me. I gave him my gun one year as a Christmas present. The Governor paroled me to Mr. Ashley after he promised to marry me — I always serve oysters that way out of gratitude. I speak only one word of Spanish — 'ole!'"

"Ole!" Mr. Baker said and got up. "Our meeting has been interesting and instructive, but I feel we ought to be getting along, don't you, Lillian?"

"Instantly," Mrs. Baker said. "My, I'm full."

"Ashley," Mr. Baker said, "thank you for your hospitality. In fairness to your blighted hopes, I must tell you frankly that although you measure up to Acme World-Wide standards, your wife doesn't. The battle isn't entirely lost, though. A quiet, amicable divorce might —"

"Just leave my wife out of the discussion, Mr. Baker, if you please," Harry said. "I don't permit criticisms of Mrs. Ashley in my presence and I would not part from her under any circumstances. She is far more satisfying to me than Acme World-Wide could ever be . . . Good-night, Mrs. Baker . . . Good-night, sir."

"Harry!" Elaine said and began to weep. "My boy!"

"Come, darling," Harry said in a dignified fashion. "We'll go to bed."

"No, you won't," Mrs. Baker said. "You're not married. We'll see her home."

"Huh?" Harry said.

"I double-crossed you," Elaine said. "I squealed to Mr. Baker. I'm sorry."

Mr. Baker shook Harry's limp hand. "Welcome to the Acme World-Wide family, Ashley. I knew you'd come through when the chips were down. I'm a father to my men — and to their girls as well. I'll expect a call in the morning."

"Yes, sir," Harry said. "Uh — for the information of the curious, I made up my mind to marry her the moment I tasted the oysters." He looked at Elaine. "You may keep the rings."

"Thank you, Mr. Ashley," Elaine said. She went into his arms and they clung together again. "I'm drunk."

Mrs. Baker was tugging on her arm, and Elaine had to part from her affianced. She regarded the head of Acme World-Wide in humble admiration.

"How can I ever thank you?" she asked. "You're wonderful — a genius."

"That is universally acknowledged," Mr. Baker said, "and if you keep thinking it, your husband's future is going to be very, very bright."

Elaine was out on the sidewalk before she discovered she was still wearing an apron. But, under the circumstances, the costume seemed appropriate.

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"That really was rather beastly. She killed a white cock and then they dipped your glove in the blood."

"Oo — nasty — What else?"
"Lots of things," I said.

I thought that I was doing quite well. I went on: "Thyrza gave me the whole bag of tricks. Summoned up a spirit — Macandal was, I think, the name. And there were colored lights and chanting. The whole thing would have been quite impressive to some people — scared 'em out of their wits."

"But it didn't scare you?"
"Bella did scare me a bit," I said. "She had a very nasty looking knife, and I thought she might lose her head and add me to the cock as a second victim."

Ginger persisted. "Nothing else frightened you?"
"I'm not influenced by that sort of thing."

"Then why did you sound so thankful to hear I was all right?"

"Well, because —" I stopped.

"All right," said Ginger obligingly. "You needn't answer that one. And you needn't go out of your way to play down the whole thing. Something about it impressed you."

"Only, I think, because they—Thyrza, I mean — seemed so calmly confident of the result."

"Confident that what you've been telling me about could actually kill a person?"

Ginger's voice was incredulous.

"It's daft," I agreed.

"Wasn't Bella confident, too?"

I considered. I said: "I think Bella was just enjoying herself killing cocks and working herself up into a kind of orgy of ill-wishing. To hear her moaning out 'The blood... the blood' was really something."

"I wish I'd heard it," said Ginger regretfully.

"I wish you had," I said. "Frankly, the whole thing was quite a performance."

"You're all right now, aren't you?" said Ginger.

"What do you mean — all right?"
"You weren't when you rang me up, but you are now."

● A little care will lengthen the life of rubber gloves. Wash in warm soapy water while still on the hands after any greasy job; rinse in cold water and dry. An occasional dusting inside and out with unscented talcum-powder will help to preserve the gloves.

She was quite correct in her assumption. The sound of her cheerful normal voice had done wonders for me. Secretly, though, I took off my hat to Thyrza Grey. Bogus though the whole business might have been, it had infected my mind with doubt and apprehension. But nothing mattered now. Ginger was all right — she hadn't had so much as a bad dream.

"And what do we do next?" demanded Ginger. "Have I got to stay put for another week or so?"

"If I want to collect a hundred pounds from Mr. Burnley, yes."

"You'll do that if it's the last thing you ever do... Are you staying on with Rhoda?"

"For a bit. Then I'll move on to Bournemouth. You're to ring me every day, mind, or I'll ring you — that's better. I'm ringing from the vicarage now."

"How's Mrs. Dane Calthrop?"

"In great form. I told her all about it, by the way."

"I thought you would. Well, goodbye for now. Life is going to be very boring for the next week or two. I've brought some work with me to do — and a good many of the books that one always means to read but never has the time to."

"What does your gallery think?"

"That I'm on a cruise."

"Don't you wish you were?"

"Not really," said Ginger. Her voice was a little odd.

"No suspicious characters approached you?"

"Only what you might expect. The milkman, the man to read the gas meter, a woman asking me what patent medicines and cosmetics I used, someone asking me to sign a petition to abolish nuclear bombs, and a woman who wanted a subscription for the blind. Oh, and the various flat porters, of course. Very helpful. One of them mended a fuse for me."

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 27

"Seems harmless enough," I commented.

"What were you expecting?"

"I don't really know."

I had wished, I suppose, for something overt that I could tackle.

But the victims of The Pale Horse died of their own free will... No, the word was not the one to use. Seeds of physical weakness in them were developed by a process that I did not understand.

Ginger rebuffed a weak suggestion of mine about a false gas-meter man.

"He had genuine credentials," she said. "I asked for them! He was only the man who gets up on a ladder inside the bathroom and reads off the figures and writes them down. He's far too grand to touch pipes or

gas jets. And I can assure you he hasn't arranged an escape of gas in my bedroom."

No, The Pale Horse did not deal with accidental gas escapes—nothing so concrete!

"Oh! I had one other visitor," said Ginger. "Your friend Dr. Corrigan. He's nice."

"I suppose Lejeune sent him."

"He seemed to think he ought to rally to a namesake. Up the Corrigan!"

I rang off, much relieved in mind. I got back to find Rhoda busy on the lawn with one of her dogs. She was anointing it with some unguent.

"The vet's just gone," she said.

"He says it's ringworm. It's frightfully catching, I believe. I don't want the children getting it—or the other dogs."

"Or even adult human beings," I suggested.

"Oh, it's usually children who get it. Thank goodness they're away at school all day — keep quiet, Sheila. Don't wriggle. This stuff makes the hair fall out," she went on. "It leaves bald spots for a bit but it grows again."

I nodded, offered to help, was refused, for which I was thankful, and wandered off again.

The curse of the country, I have always thought, is that there are seldom more than three directions in which you can go for a walk. In

Much Deeping, you could either take the Garsington road or the road to Long Cottenham, or you could go up Shadhanger Lane to the main London-Bournemouth road two miles away.

By the following day at lunchtime I had sampled both the Garsington and the Long Cottenham roads. Shadhanger Lane was the next prospect.

I started off, and on my way was struck by an idea. The entrance to Priors Court opened off Shadhanger Lane. Why should I not go and call on Mr. Venables?

The more I considered the idea, the more I liked it. There would be nothing suspicious about my doing so. When I had been staying down here before, Rhoda had taken me over there. It would be easy and

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Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

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natural to call and ask if I might be shown again some particular object that I had not had time really to look at and enjoy on that particular occasion.

The recognition of Venables by this chemist — what was his name — Ogden? Osborne? — was interesting, to say the least of it. Granted that, according to Lejeune, it would have been quite impossible for the man in question to have been Venables owing to the latter's disability, yet it was intriguing that a mistake should have been made about a man living in this particular neighborhood — and a man, one had to admit, who fitted in so well in character.

There was something mysterious about Venables. I had felt it from the first. He had, I was sure, first-class brains. And there was something about him — what word could I use? — the word *vulpine* came to me. Predatory — destructive. A man, perhaps, too clever to be a killer himself — but a man who could organise killing very well if he wanted to.

As far as all that went, I could fit Venables into the part perfectly. The mastermind behind the scenes. But this chemist, Osborne, had claimed that he had seen Venables walking along a London street. Since that was impossible, then the identification was worthless, and the fact that Venables lived in the vicinity of The Pale Horse meant nothing.

All the same, I thought, I would like to have another look at Mr. Venables. So in due course I turned in at the gates of Priors Court and walked up the quarter mile of winding drive.

The same manservant answered the door, and said that Mr. Venables was at home. Excusing himself for leaving me in the hall, "Mr. Venables is not always well enough to see visitors," he went away, returning a few moments later with the information that Mr.

Venables would be delighted to see me.

Venables gave me a most cordial welcome, wheeling his chair forward and greeting me quite as an old friend.

"Very nice of you to look me up, my dear fellow. I heard you were down here again, and was going to ring up our dear Rhoda this evening and suggest you all come over for lunch or dinner."

I apologised for dropping in as I had, but said that it was a sudden impulse. I had gone for a walk, found I was pass-

of the really wonderful things he had in his possession.

Tea was brought in and he insisted that I partake of it.

Tea is not one of my favorite meals but I appreciated the smoky China tea, and the delicate cups in which it was served. There was hot buttered anchovy toast, and a sponge cake of the luscious old-fashioned kind that took me back to teatime at my grandmother's house when I was a little boy.

"Home-made," I said approvingly.

"Naturally! A bought cake never comes into this house."

"You have a wonderful cook,

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



ing his gate, and decided to gatecrash.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I'd love to have another look at your Mogul miniatures. I hadn't nearly enough time to see them properly the other day."

"Of course you hadn't. I'm glad you appreciate them. Such exquisite detail."

Our talk was entirely technical after this. I must admit that I enjoyed enormously having a closer look at some

I know. Don't you find it difficult to keep a staff in the country, as far away from things as you are here?"

Venables shrugged his shoulders. "I must have the best. I insist upon it. Naturally — one has to pay! I pay."

All the natural arrogance of the man showed here. I said dryly: "If one is fortunate enough to be able to do that, it certainly solves many problems."

"It all depends, you know, on what one wants out of life.

If one's desires are strong enough — that is what matters. So many people make money without a notion of what they want it to do for them! As a result they get entangled in what one might call the money-making machine. They are slaves. They go to their offices early and leave late; they never stop to enjoy. And what do they get for it? Larger cars, bigger houses, more expensive mistresses or wives — and, let me say, bigger headaches."

He leaned forward. "Just getting the money — that is really the be-all and end-all for most rich men. Plough it back into bigger enterprises, make more money still. But why? Do they ever stop to ask themselves why? They don't know."

"And you?" I asked.

"I —" he smiled. "I know what I wanted. Infinite leisure in which to contemplate the beautiful things of this world, natural and artificial. Since to go and see them in their natural surroundings has of late years been denied me, I have them brought from all over the world to me."

"But money still has to be got before that can happen."

"Yes, one must plan one's coups — and that involves quite a lot of planning — but there is no need, really no need nowadays, to serve any sordid apprenticeship."

"I don't know if I quite understand you."

"It's a changing world, Easterbrook. It always has been — but now the changes come more rapidly. The tempo has quickened — one must take advantage of that."

"A changing world," I said thoughtfully.

"It opens up new vistas."

I said apologetically: "I'm afraid, you know, that you're talking to a man whose face is set in the opposite direction — toward the past — not toward the future."

Venables shrugged his shoulders.

"The future? Who can foresee that? I speak of today — now — the immediate moment! I take no account of anything

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else. The new techniques are here to use. Already we have machines that can supply us with the answer to questions in seconds—compared to hours or days of human labor.

"Computers? The electronic brain?"

"Things of that kind."

"Will machines take the place of men eventually?"

"Of men, yes. Men who are only units of manpower—that is. But Man, no. There has to be Man the Controller, Man the Thinker, who works out the questions to ask the machines."

I shook my head doubtfully. "Man, the Superman?" I put a faint inflection of ridicule into my voice.

"Why not, Easterbrook? Why not? Remember, we know—or are beginning to know—something about Man the human animal. The practice of what is, sometimes incorrectly, called brain-washing has opened up enormously interesting possibilities in that direction."

"Not only the body, but the mind of man, responds to certain stimuli."

"A dangerous doctrine," I said.

"Dangerous?"

"Dangerous to the doctored man."

Venables shrugged his shoulders.

"All life is dangerous. We forget that, we who have been reared in one of the small pockets of civilisation. For that is all that civilisation really is, Easterbrook. Small pockets of men here and there who have gathered together for mutual protection and

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

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who thereby are able to outwit and control Nature. They have beaten the jungle—but that victory is only temporary. At any moment, the jungle will once more take command. Proud cities that were, are now mere mounds of earth, overgrown with rank vegetation, and the poor hovels of men who just manage to keep alive,

"Oh, that—" Venables looked suddenly embarrassed. "Probably I exaggerated."

I found his embarrassment and partial withdrawal of his former claim interesting. Venables was a man who lived much alone. A man who is alone develops the need to

"Of course. But it seems to me that your Superman is—a Superman with a difference. . . . A man who could wield power—and never be known to wield power. A man who sits in his chair and pulls the strings."

I looked at him as I spoke. He smiled.

"Are you casting me for the

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

no more. Life is always dangerous—never forget that. In the end, perhaps, not only great natural forces, but the work of our own hands may destroy it. We are very near to that happening at this moment . . .

"No one can deny that, certainly. But I'm interested in your theory of power—power over mind."

talk—to someone—anyone. Venables had talked to me—and perhaps not wisely.

"Man the Superman," I said. "You've rather sold me on some modern version of the idea, you know."

"There's nothing new about it, certainly. The formula of the Superman goes back a long way. Whole philosophies have been built on it."

part, Easterbrook? I wish it were indeed so. One needs something to compensate for—this!"

His hand struck down on the rug across his knees, and I heard the sudden sharp bitterness of his voice.

"I won't offer you my sympathy," I said. "Sympathy is very little good to a man in your position. But let me say

that if we are imagining such a character—a man who can turn unforeseen disaster into triumph—you would be, in my opinion, exactly that type of man."

He laughed easily.

"You're flattering me."

But he was pleased, I saw that.

"No," I said. "I have met enough people in my life to recognise the unusual, the extra-gifted man, when I meet him."

I was afraid of going too far; but can one ever, really, go too far with flattery? A depressing thought! One must take it to heart and avoid the pitfall oneself.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "what actually makes you say that? All this?" he swept a careless hand round the room.

"That is a proof," I said, "that you are a rich man who knows how to buy wisely, who has appreciation and taste. But I feel that there is more to it than mere possession. You set out to acquire beautiful and interesting things—and you have practically hinted that they were not acquired through the medium of laborious toil."

"Quite right, Easterbrook, quite right. As I said, only the fool toils. One must think, plan the campaign in every detail. The secret of all success is something quite simple—but it has to be thought of! Something simple. One thinks of it, one puts it into execution—and there you are!"

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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting January 15

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20.
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20.
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Thursday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21.
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22.
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Saturday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22.
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, it, blue.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22.
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22.
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, rose.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 23-NOV. 22.
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20.
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19.
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, black.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19.
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, it, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20.
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

★ For some, this week involves your career. It is the right time to apply for a job, make changes in your occupation. For others, social and leisure activities may be due for a shake-up.

★ Whether you intend to embark on a new hobby, try to persuade elders to grant an important request, or want to charm a handsome stranger, the stars are on your side.

★ Opportunity must be grasped quickly before it vanishes; you perceive advantages that others pass by. Another's loss may be your gain this week. A few win a friend through emergency action.

★ That holiday love will either become an engagement or gently fade, probably because your daily round now separates you. But if you choose you can make it last. Be your most charming.

★ Forces below the surface are working for you, but trying to force issues can undo goodwill. Bossiness will put people's backs up. Be a good listener and you'll learn the reason for things that annoy you.

★ If feeling depressed, get outdoors and seek exercise; this puts the sparkle back into Virgo. Don't give up because your hopes are unfulfilled. There's romance around the corner for some.

★ If some members of the household have been away there is much to talk about; visitors may be more plentiful than usual. Informal hospitality brightens the domestic scene. Odd jobs may be finished.

★ You love to know what's going on and why, and nobody is quicker to find the right answers to any puzzle. A lively interest can open up new worlds to you. Casual links formed now may be permanent.

★ Many of you now decide on a new system to improve your financial foundation; don't make that budget too rigid, or you won't carry on with it. Allow for essentials, plus an emergency margin.

★ A chance conversation or a story could give you an attractive idea which you elaborate into a full-fledged plan. Once you have worked out details you launch into a new setup, with plenty of work.

★ Stand on your own feet and you'll know security. Good natured but vague promises made by others can be easily broken. If you ask favors you will have to return them.

★ If you used to play a game and gave it up for a pressing reason, now is the time to revive your interest. Seek out friends connected with the game and get back into the atmosphere of it.



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- pineapple • cherry
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HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 54

I stared at him. Something simple — something as simple as the removal of unwanted persons? Fulfilling a need. An action performed without danger to anybody except the victim. Planned by Mr. Venables sitting in his wheeled chair, with his great hooked nose like the beak of a bird of prey, and his prominent Adam's apple moving up and down. Executed by — whom? Thyrsa Grey?

I watched him as I said: "All this talk of remote control reminds me of something that odd Miss Grey said."

"Ah, our dear Thyrsa!" His tone was smooth, indulgent (but had there been a faint flicker of the eyelids?) "Such nonsense as those two dear ladies talk! And they believe it you know, they really believe it. Have you been yet — (I'm sure they'll insist on your going) — to one of these ridiculous seances of theirs?"

I had a momentary hesitation whilst I decided rapidly what my attitude here ought to be.

"Yes," I said, "I — I did go to a seance."

"And you found it great nonsense? Or were you impressed?"

I avoided his eyes and presented to my best ability a man who is ill at ease.

"I — oh, well — of course I didn't really believe in any of it. They seem very sincere, but —" I looked at my watch. "I'd no idea it was so late. I must hurry back. My cousin will wonder what I am doing."

Holiday tips for campers

● These holiday hints for picnickers and campers will save time and trouble when cooking and cleaning up.

ONE large shaker full of salt and pepper combined is handy for the campfire cook. Both seasonings can be added to the pan with a single shake.

Forgotten your usual scouring preparation? Fine sand makes an excellent substitute for scouring unpainted wooden tables and chairs. First dampen the article, sprinkle with fine clean sand, soap a brush, and scrub well with the grain of the wood. Rinse and stand article in the open air to dry.

If wearing shorts when cooking at a picnic or barbecue fire, protect your bare legs from flying sparks and sputtering fat by tying a thick towel round your waist like an apron.

After frying fish rid the pan of that fishy odor by sprinkling salt in it and adding hot water. Let stand an hour or two before washing out the pan. To remove the smell of onions from a pan, boil some tea-leaves in it for a few minutes.

Aluminium foil is invaluable for barbecue or campfire cookery. Foods can be wrapped in foil and cooked on the coals without fear of burning. To prevent food sticking, grease the foil before wrapping. Before frying food, line the pan with foil. This saves much greasy washing-up.

To remove mildew from white washable fabrics: Add one level tablespoon of chloride of lime to each pint of water. Soak garment in this solution about half an hour, using a wooden spoon to push it under and keep it immersed; then wash well (this is important) and dry.

Paint car windows with white liquid shoe-cleaner to provide your own private change-room when camping away from dressing-shed facilities. The cleaner is easily removed later.

For a makeshift but very successful washing-up basin, dig a hole beneath a tap and line with a square of plastic.

Use a piece of raw onion or a little ammonia to relieve the itching and stinging of mosquito bites.

"You have been cheering up an invalid on a dull afternoon. My regards to Rhoda. We must arrange another luncheon party soon. Tomorrow I am going to London. There is an interesting sale at Sotheby's. Medieval French ivories. Exquisite! You will appreciate them, I am sure, if I succeed in acquiring them."

We parted on this amicable note. Was there an amused and malicious twinkle in his eye as he registered my awkwardness over the seance? I thought so, but I could not be sure. I felt it quite likely that I was now imagining things.

I went out into the late afternoon. Darkness had already fallen, and since the sky was overcast I moved

rather uncertainly down the winding drive. I looked back once at the lighted windows of the house. In doing so, I stepped off the gravel on to the grass and collided with someone moving in the opposite direction.

It was a small man, solidly made. We exchanged apologies. His voice was a rich deep bass with a rather fruity and pedantic tone.

"I'm so sorry . . ."

"Not at all. Entirely my fault, I assure you . . ."

"I have never been here before," I explained, "so I don't quite know

where I'm going. I ought to have brought a torch."

"Allow me."

The stranger produced a torch from his pocket, switched it on, and handed it to me. By its light I saw that he was a man of middle age, with a round cherubic face, a black moustache, and spectacles. He wore a good-quality dark raincoat and can only be described as the acme of respectability. All the same, it did just cross my mind to wonder why he was not using his torch himself since he had it with him.

"Ah," I said rather idiotically, "I see. I have stepped off the drive."

I stepped back on to it, then offered him back the torch.

"I can find my way now."

"No, no, pray keep it until you get to the gate."

"But you — you are going to the house?"

"No, no, I am going the same way that you are. Er — down the drive. And then up to the bus stop. I am catching a bus back to Bournemouth."

I said, "I see," and we fell into step side by side. My companion seemed a little ill at ease. He inquired if I also were going to the bus stop. I replied that I was staying in the neighborhood.

There was again a pause and I could feel my companion's embarrassment growing. He was the kind of man who does not like feeling in any way in a false position.

"You have been to visit Mr. Venables?" he asked, clearing his throat.

To page 56

THE CLOTHES FROM PARIS

...the certain charm from MUM rollette

Fashion-minded way to protect personal freshness 24 hours at a time! Mum Rollette. The crystal ball glides on just the amount of pearly-pink lotion needed for under-arm daintiness. No doubt about personal sweetness with Mum Rollette. No sticky fingers. No stain on clothing. It's an anti-perspirant and deodorant in one . . . with muted fragrance that never clashes with perfume.



rolls out doubt rolls on charm

7/6 FROM CHEMISTS AND QUALITY STORES

YOUR MOST ESSENTIAL SUMMER ACCESSORY

Anyone for Golf?



terrified by RHEUMATISM



enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, "They certainly seem to be doing you good."

(Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 6/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

MUMMY!! MUMMY!!!

"Please let me have pretty curls like Judy. At school today all of the other children and teacher, too, said how nice her hair looked."

"Judy's hair used to be straight, but since her mother has started using Curlypet on it, her hair's all lovely curly and wavy."

"Her hair smells beaut, too!"

"Please, Mummy, get Curlypet for my hair; I want to look like Judy."

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

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I said that that was so, adding, "I took it that you also were on your way to the house?"

"No," he said. "No... As a matter of fact—" he paused. "I live in Bournemouth—or at least near Bournemouth. I have just moved into a small bungalow there."

I felt a faint stirring in my mind. What had I recently heard about a bungalow at Bournemouth? While I was trying to remember, my companion, becoming even more ill at ease, was finally impelled to speak.

GLANCING at me, he said, "You must think it very odd—I admit, of course, it is odd—to find someone wandering in the grounds of a house when the—or—person in question is not acquainted with the owner of the house. My reasons are a little difficult to explain, though I assure you that I have reasons."

"But I can only say that although I have only recently settled in Bournemouth, I am quite well known there and I could bring forward several esteemed residents to vouch for me personally."

"Actually, I am a pharmacist who has recently sold an old-established business in London, and I have retired to this part of the world which I have always found very pleasant—very pleasant indeed."

Enlightenment came to me. I thought I knew who the little man was. Meanwhile, he was continuing in full spate.

"My name is Osborne, Zachariah Osborne, and, as I say, I have—had rather—a

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

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very nice business in London—Barton Street—Paddington Green. Quite a good neighborhood in my father's time, but sadly changed now—oh, yes, very much changed. Gone down in the world."

He sighed and shook his head. Then he resumed: "This is Mr. Venables' house, is it not? I suppose—er—he is a friend of yours?"

I said with deliberation: "Hardly a friend. I have only met him once before today, when I was taken to lunch with him by some friends of mine."

"Ah, yes—I see... Yes, precisely."

We had come now to the entrance gates. We passed through them. Mr. Osborne paused irresolutely. I handed him back his torch.

"Thank you," I said. "Not at all. You're welcome."

"I shouldn't like you to think... I mean, technically, of course, I was trespassing. But not, I assure you, from any motive of vulgar curiosity. It must have seemed to you most peculiar—my position—and open to misconception. I really would like to explain—to—er—clarify my position."

I waited. It seemed the best thing to do. My curiosity, vulgar or not, was certainly aroused. I wanted it satisfied.

Mr. Osborne was silent for about a minute, then he made up his mind.

"I really would like to explain to you, Mr.—er—" "Easterbrook. Mark Easterbrook."

"Mr. Easterbrook. As I say, I would welcome the chance of explaining my rather odd behaviour. If you have the time—? It is only five minutes' walk up

the lane to the main road. There is quite a respectable little cafe at the petrol station close to the bus stop. My bus is not due for over twenty minutes. If you would allow me to offer you a cup of coffee?"

I accepted. We walked up the lane together. Mr. Osborne, his anguished respectability appeased, chatted cosily of the amenities of Bournemouth, its excellent climate, its concerts,

"This all stems from a case you may have seen reported in the newspapers some time ago. It was not a very sensational case, so it did not make the headlines—if that is the correct expression. It concerned the parish priest of the district in London where I have—had—my shop. He was set upon one night and killed. Very distressing. Such happenings are far too frequent nowadays. He was, I believe, a good man—though I myself was not a member of his church. How-

THE UNSEEING EYE

On the floor are schoolbooks, filthy sandshoes, and yesterday's disgusting shirt;

Five pencils, three magazines, two newspapers, and a pair of shorts encrusted with dirt.

One jacket, one fishing rod, reading-lamp, bath-towel, a deck of cards, and a Boy Scout hat, And a voice calls out, "Have you tidied your room? because you're not going out until you've done just that!"

And he, thirteen, skinny, clumsy, freckled and feckless, looks with unseeing eye at this ghastly mess, Kicks a shoe under the gaping bed, gently closes the door and answers "yes."

— NANCE DONKIN.

and the nice class of people who lived there.

We reached the main road. The petrol station was on the corner with the bus stop just beyond it. There was a small clean cafe, empty except for a young couple in a corner. We entered and Mr. Osborne ordered coffee and biscuits for two.

Then he leaned forward across the table and unburdened himself.

ever that may be, I must explain my particular interest.

"There was a police announcement that they were anxious to interview anyone who had seen Father Gorman on the night in question."

"By chance I had happened to be standing outside the door of my establishment that evening about eight o'clock and had seen Father Gorman go by. Following him at a short distance was a man whose ap-

pearance was unusual enough to attract my attention. At the time, of course, I thought nothing of the matter, but I am an observant man, Mr. Easterbrook, and I have the habit of mentally registering what people look like."

"It is quite a hobby of mine, and several people who have come to my shop have been surprised when I say to them, 'Ah—yes, I think you came in for this same preparation last March?' It pleases them, you know, to be remembered. Good for business, I have found. Anyway, I described the man I had seen to the police. They thanked me and that was that."

"Now I come to the rather surprising part of my story. About ten days ago I came over to a church fete in the little village at the bottom of the lane we have just walked up—and what was my surprise to see this same man I have mentioned. He must have been or so I thought, an accident since he was propelling himself in a wheeled chair. I inquired about him and was told he was a rich local resident of the name of Venables."

"After a day or two to debate the matter, I wrote to the police officer to whom I had made my original statement. He came down to Bournemouth—Inspector Lejeune was his name. He seemed sceptical, however, as to whether it was indeed the man I had seen on the night of the murder. He informed me that Mr. Venables had been a cripple some years, as a result of polio. I must, he said, have been misled by a chance resemblance."

Mr. Osborne came to an abrupt halt. I stirred the fluid in front of me and took a cautious sip. Mr. Osborne added three lumps of sugar to his cup.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 17, 1947

"Well, that seems to settle that," I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Osborne. "Yes..." His voice was markedly dissatisfied. Then he leaned forward again, his round bald head shining under the electric bulb, his eyes quite fanatical behind his spectacles...

"I must explain a little more. As a boy, Mr. Easterbrook, a friend of my father's, another pharmacist, was called to give evidence in the case of Jean Paul Marigot. You may remember—he poisoned his English wife—an arsenical preparation. My father's friend identified him in court as the man who signed a false name in his poison register. Marigot was convicted and hanged.

"It made a great impression on me—I was nine years old at that time—an impressionable age. It was my great hope that some day, I, too, might figure in a cause celebre and be the instrument of bringing a murderer to justice! Perhaps it was then that I began to make a study of memorising faces. I will confess to you, Mr. Easterbrook, though it may seem to you quite ridiculous, that for many, many years now I have contemplated the possibility that some man, determined to do away with his wife, might enter my shop to purchase what he needed."

MR. OSBORNE sighed, "Alas, that has never happened. Or, if so, the person in question has never been brought to justice. That occurs, I would say, more frequently than it is quite comfortable to believe. So this identification, though not what I had hoped, opened up at least a possibility that I might be a witness in a murder case!"

His face beamed with childish pleasure.

"Very disappointing for you," I said sympathetically.

"Yes," said Mr. Osborne's voice held that odd note of dissatisfaction.

"I'm an obstinate man, Mr. Easterbrook."

"As the days have passed by I have felt more and more sure that I was right. That the man I saw was Venables and no other."

He raised a hand in protest as I was about to speak. "Oh, I know. I was inclined to be dogmatic. I was some distance away—but what the police have not taken into consideration is that I have made a study of recognition. It was not the features, the pronounced nose, the Adam's apple; there is the carriage of the head, the angle of the neck, the shoulders. I said to myself, 'Come, come, admit you were mistaken.' But I continued to feel that I had not been mistaken. The police said it was impossible. But was it impossible? That's what I asked myself."

"Surely, with a disability of that kind..."

He stopped me by waving an agitated forefinger.

"Yes, yes, but my experience, under the National Health—Well, really it would surprise you what people are prepared to do—"

"I wouldn't like to say that the medical profession are credulous—a plain case of malingering they will spot soon enough."

"That still seems to me to present no loophole for error."

"You don't know the things I know," said Mr. Osborne. "A humble example will suffice. Mrs. H.—drawing insurance benefits for over a year. Drew them in three separate places—only in one place she was Mrs. C. and in another place Mrs. T. ... Mrs. C. and Mrs. T. lent her their cards for a consideration, and so she collected the money three times over."

abroad. The present man has never attended Mr. Venables. Mr. Venables goes up once a month to Harley Street."

I looked at him curiously.

"That still seems to me to present no loophole for error."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 17, 1962

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 56

"I don't see..."

"Suppose—just suppose—the forefinger was now wiggling excitedly, "our Mr. V. makes contact with a genuine polio case in poor circumstances. He makes a proposition. The man resembles him, let us say, in a general kind of way, no more. Genuine sufferer calling himself Mr. V. calls in specialist, and is examined, so that the case history is all correct. Then Mr. V. takes in country. Local G.P. wants to retire soon. Again genuine sufferer calls in doctor, is examined. And there you are! Mr. Venables well documented as polio sufferer with atrophied limbs. He is seen

about in Paddington? Impossible! He's a helpless cripple living in the country, etc."

Mr. Osborne paused and glanced at his watch. "My bus is due. I must be quick. I get to brooding about this, you see. Wondered if I could do anything to prove it, as you might say. So I thought I'd come out here (I've time on my hands these days. I almost miss my business sometimes), go into the grounds, and—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, do a bit of spying. Not very nice, you'll say—and I agree. But if it's a case of getting at the truth—of bringing a criminal to book..."

"If, for instance, I spotted Mr. Venables having a quiet walk around in the grounds, well, there you are! And then

SYLLABIC PUZZLE

● From the following 35 syllables, make 12 words according to the clues given below. All words have at least two syllables. When all words have been correctly guessed, the first and third letters, taken in order vertically, will read a well-known proverb.

a — a — am — an — berg — bus — ce — cu — goon —
gu — gu — hus — i — la — la — lar — lar — las — ley —
na — ne — no — ny — pole — re — sar — sia — so — tad —
tel — ten — tion — tri — trol — viv.

1. Stadium:
2. Theft:
3. Noosed rope:
4. Three-cornered:
5. Cavalry soldier:
6. Loss of memory:
7. Means of transportation:
8. Inventor of printing press:
9. Shallow saltwater lake:
10. Vaccination:
11. City (Israel):
12. Young frog:

● Solution bottom of page 58

abroad. The present man has never attended Mr. Venables. Mr. Venables goes up once a month to Harley Street."

I looked at him curiously.

"That still seems to me to present no loophole for error."

"You don't know the things I know," said Mr. Osborne. "A humble example will suffice. Mrs. H.—drawing insurance benefits for over a year. Drew them in three separate places—only in one place she was Mrs. C. and in another place Mrs. T. ... Mrs. C. and Mrs. T. lent her their cards for a consideration, and so she collected the money three times over."

locally (when he is seen) in a wheeled chair, etc."

"His servants would know, surely," I objected. "His valet."

"But supposing it is a gang—the valet is one of the gang. What could be simpler? Some of the other servants, too, perhaps."

"But why?"

"Ah," said Mr. Osborne. "That's another question, isn't it? I won't tell you my theory—I expect you'd laugh at it. But there you are—a very nice alibi set up for a man who might want an alibi."

"He could be here, there, and everywhere, and nobody would know. Seen walking

I thought, 'If they don't pull the curtains too soon—and you may have noticed people don't when daylight-saving first ends—they've got in the habit of expecting it to be dark an hour later—I might creep up and take a peep. Walking about his library, maybe, never dreaming that anyone would be spying on him? Why should he? No one suspects him as far as he knows!'"

"Why are you so sure the man you saw that night was Venables?"

"I know it was Venables!"

He shot to his feet.

"My bus is coming. Pleased to have met you, Mr. Easterbrook, and it's a weight off my mind to have explained what I

was doing there at Priors Court. I dare say it seems a lot of nonsense to you."

"It doesn't altogether," I said. "But you haven't told me what you think Mr. Venables is up to."

Mr. Osborne looked embarrassed and a little sheepish.

"You'll laugh, I dare say. Everybody says he's rich, but nobody seems to know how he made his money. I'll tell you what I think. I think he's one of those master criminals you read about. You know—plans things and has a gang that carries them out. It may sound silly to you, but I—"

The bus had stopped. Mr. Osborne ran for it—

I walked down the lane, very thoughtful . . . It was a fantastic theory that Mr. Osborne had outlined, but I had to admit that there might just possibly be something in it.

Ring up Ginger on the following morning, I told her that I was moving to Bourne-mouth the next day.

"I've found a nice quiet little hotel called (heaven knows why) the Deer Park. It's got a couple of nice unobtrusive side exits. I might sneak up to London and see you."

"You oughtn't to, really, I suppose. But I must say it would be rather nice if you did. The boredom! You've no idea! If you couldn't come here, I could sneak out and meet you somewhere."

Something suddenly struck me.

"Ginger! Your voice . . . It's different somehow . . ."

"Oh that! It's all right. Don't worry."

"But your voice?"

"I've just got a bit of a sore throat or something, that's all."

"Ginger!"

"Now, look, Mark, anyone can have a sore throat. I'm starting a cold, I expect. Or a touch of flu."

"Flu? Look here, don't evade the point. Are you all right, or aren't you?"

"Don't fuss. I'm all right."

"Tell me exactly how you're feeling. Do you feel as though you might be starting flu?"

"Well—perhaps . . . Aching a bit all over, you know the kind of thing—"

"Temperature?"

"Well, perhaps a bit of temperature . . ."

I sat there, a horrible cold sort of feeling stealing over me. I was frightened. I knew, too, that however much Ginger might refuse to admit it, Ginger was frightened also.

HER hoarse voice spoke again. "Mark—don't panic. You are panicking—and really there's nothing to panic about."

"Perhaps not. But we've got to take every precaution. Ring up your doctor and get him to come and see you. At once."

"All right . . . But—he'll think I'm a terrible fusspot."

"Never mind. Do it! Then, when he's been, ring me back."

After I had rung off, I sat for a long time staring at the black inhuman outline of the telephone. Panic—I mustn't give way to panic . . . There was always flu about at this time of year . . . The doctor would be reassuring . . . perhaps it would be only a slight chill . . .

I saw in my mind's eye Sybil in her peacock dress with its scrawled symbols of evil. I heard Thyra's voice, willing, commanding . . . On the chalked floor, Bella, chanting her evil spells, held up a struggling white cock . . . Nonsense, all nonsense . . . Of course, it was all superstitious nonsense . . .

The box—not so easy, somehow, to dismiss the box. The box represented, not human

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SHOULD YOU BATHE on problem days?

Many doctors advise it. Bathing at suitable water temperatures is perfectly all right; you'll feel cooler, cleaner, fresher, more comfortable.

And when you do bathe—swim or shower—it's nicer with Tampax. For Tampax is worn internally, and when properly inserted it cannot absorb water from the outside.

In all ways Tampax is nicer.

The dainty applicator means you need never touch the Tampax itself. Tampax prevents odour.

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Feel cool even on hottest days.

Wouldn't you be more comfortable with Tampax?

Your choice of Regular and Super absorbencies available at all chemists and stores.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

I suffered agony from

CORNS

UNTIL a friend recommended Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads. How I wish I'd discovered them sooner. Corns never worry me now. These little tailored pads give wonderful relief and you can completely remove corns with the medicated discs provided.

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Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

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Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

superstition, but a development of scientific possibility . . . But it wasn't possible — it couldn't be possible that

Mrs. Dane Calthrop found me there, sitting staring at the telephone. She said at once: "What's happened?"

"Ginger," I said, "isn't feeling well . . ."

I wanted her to say that it was all nonsense. I wanted her to reassure me. But she didn't reassure me.

"That's bad," she said. "Yes, I think that's bad."

"It's not possible," I urged. "It's not possible for a moment that they can do what they say!"

"Isn't it?"

"You don't believe — you can't believe —"

"My dear Mark," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "Both you and Ginger have

already admitted the possibility of such a thing or you wouldn't be doing what you are doing."

"And our believing makes it worse — makes it more likely!"

"You don't go so far as believing — you just admit that, with evidence, you might believe."

"Evidence? What evidence?"

"Ginger's becoming ill is evidence," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

I hated her. My voice rose angrily.

"Why must you be so pessimistic? It's just a simple cold — something of that kind. Why must you persist in believing the worst?"

"Because if it's the worst, we've got to face it — not bury our heads in the sand until it's too late."

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 57

"You think that this ridiculous mumbo-jumbo works? These trances and spells and cock sacrifices and all the bag of tricks?"

"Something works," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "That's what we've got to face. A lot of it, most of it, I think, is trappings. It's just to create atmosphere — atmosphere is important. But concealed among the trappings there must be a real thing — the thing that does work."

"Something like radio activity at a distance?"

"Something of that kind. You see, people covering things all the time — frightening things. Some variation of

this new knowledge might be adapted by some unscrupulous person for his own purposes — Thyra's father was a physicist, you know —"

"But what? What? That damned box! If we could get it examined? If the police —"

"Police aren't very keen on getting a search warrant and removing property without a good deal more to go on than we've got."

"If I went round there and smashed up the damned thing?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop shook her head.

"From what you told me, the damage, if there has been damage, was done that night."



Vegemite on hot buttered toast in the morning and Vegemite in sandwiches is always popular. But did you know there are many other ways for you and your family to enjoy this zesty food?

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Spreads just right — tastes so bright

— keep up your **VEGEMITE**

I dropped my head in my hands and groaned.

"I wish we'd never started this damned business."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said firmly: "Your motives were excellent. And what's done is done. You'll know more when Ginger rings back after the doctor has been. She'll ring Rhoda's, I suppose —"

"I'd better get back."

"I'm being stupid," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop suddenly as I left. "I know I'm being stupid. Trappings! We're letting ourselves be obsessed by trappings. I can't help feeling that we're thinking the way they want us to think."

Ginger rang me two hours later.

"He's been," she said. "He seemed a bit puzzled, but he says it's probably flu. There's quite a lot about. He's sent me to bed and is sending along some medicine. My temperature is quite high. But it would be with flu, wouldn't it?"

There was a forlorn appeal in her hoarse voice, under its surface bravery.

"You'll be all right," I said miserably. "Do you hear? You'll be all right. Do you feel very awful?"

"Well — fever — and aching, and everything hurts, my feet and my skin. I hate anything touching me . . . And I'm so hot."

"That's the fever, darling. Listen, I'm coming up to you! I'm leaving now — at once. No, don't protest."

"All right. I'm glad you're coming, Mark. I dare say — I'm not so brave as I thought . . ."

I rang up Lejeune.

"Miss Corrigan's ill," I said.

"What?"

"You heard me. She's ill. She's called her own doctor. He says perhaps flu. It may be. But it may not. I don't know what you can do. The only idea that occurs to me is to get some kind of specialist on to it."

"What kind of specialist?"

"A psychiatrist — or psychoanalyst or psychologist. A psycho something. A man who knows about suggestion and hypnotism and brainwashing and all that kind of thing. There are people who deal in that kind of thing?"

"Of course there are. Yes. There are one or two Home Office men who specialise in it. I think you're dead right. It may be just flu — but it may be some kind of psycho-business about which nothing much is known. Heaven's Easterbrook, this may be just what we've been hoping for!"

I slammed down the receiver. We might be learning something about psychological weapons — but all this I cared about was Ginger, gallant and frightened. We hadn't really believed either of us — or had we?

No, of course we hadn't. It had been a game — a cops-and-robbers game. But it wasn't a game.

The Pale Horse was proving itself reality.

I dropped my head into my hands and groaned.

To be concluded

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SYLLABIC PUZZLE SOLUTION

(from page 57)

SOLUTION: 1, Arena; 2, Larceny; 3, Lasso; 4, Triangular; 5, Hussar; 6, Amnesia; 7, Trolleybus; 8, Gutenberg; 9, Lagoon; 10, Inoculation; 11, Tel Aviv; 12, Tadpole.

PROVERB: ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

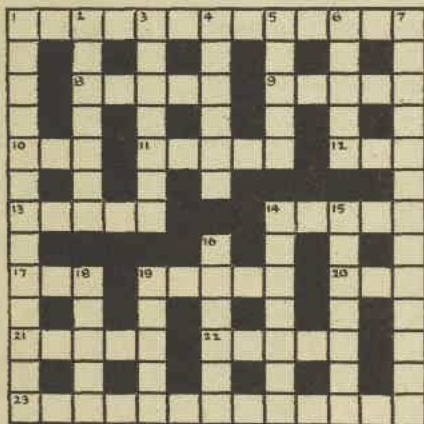
MANDRAKE and Magnon, with the multi-million space fleet, finally decided to spray D.D.T. on the "star-eater" and it was effective. The mysterious "thing" is dying. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Place where heads must come together (6, 7).
- Tree, which becomes a civic dignitary when followed by man (5).
- It can be poetical, and it is certainly flowery, but no verse (5).
- The whole of a scallop (3).
- Nauseous, no wonder, it ends in a sty (5).
- Wickedness (3).
- Be as is a fundamental principle (5).
- Chief group of the Carpathian Mountains in Czechoslovakia (5).
- Destiny of any cloth (3).
- Winter resort in Florida (5).
- Putrefaction observable in carrots (3).
- Posed in silken fabric (5).
- Language in a list (5).
- Music at noon is making a show of piety (13).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Whatever they do they don't get extra payment for night-shift (13).
- Infectious disease usually attacking children (7).
- Ted's inn (Anagr., 7).
- Sullen? More so (6).
- My pet is void (5).
- I study to start sacred images (5).
- Suitable grounds for rumination (5, 8).
- Wagner made him sing in an opera with Isolde (7).
- Town, one on Lake Ontario, Canada, another on Lake Macquarie, New South Wales (7).
- River separating Manhattan from Bronx (6).
- One of the children of Uranus and Ge (5).
- French Impressionist painter (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1962

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney, Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4050, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7510. — Simple frock with dropped waistline and short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short sleeves take 3½yds. 36in. material; three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F7455. — Two-piece swimsuit and matching muu-muu. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. lining material. Price 4/9.

F7291. — Easy-to-wear suit with straight skirt and buttoned top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7511. — Easy-styled sheath frock with tie belt and short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short sleeves take 3½yds. 36in. material; three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F7310. — Attractive frock with box-pleated skirt and unusual neckline detail. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7451. — Side-buttoned frock for a little girl, four to ten years. Requires 2½ to 3yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 594.—CHILD'S MUU-MUU
Child's muu-muu available cut out ready to sew in pretty non-iron cotton. Colors are royal-blue, red, aqua, and brown, all with white. Six years, 19/9; seven years, 21/6; eight years, 23/6; nine years, 25/9. Postage on all sizes 2/3 extra.

No. 596.—FROCK
Short-sleeved frock available cut out ready to make. Material is rosebud design no-iron cotton in pale pink and green, blue and lemon, aqua and lemon, rosebud-pink and green, apricot and green, all on white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/9; 36 and 38in. bust 44/3. Postage on both sizes 3/9 extra.

No. 595.—DUCESSE SET
Water-lily design, duchesse set, is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider, on white, blue, lemon, pink, cream, and green Irish linen. The centre mat measures 1½in. x 14in., small mats 8in. x 7in. Price 8/9. Postage 1/-.

Needlework notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

First again...



JIM'S BURSTING WITH HEALTH

His mother is proud of him. She knows how to replace
the energy Jim uses. For nourishing refreshment
she gives him Arnott's famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits
with a glass of milk.

 **Arnott's**
famous
MILK ARROWROOT
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality